

MAY 1909

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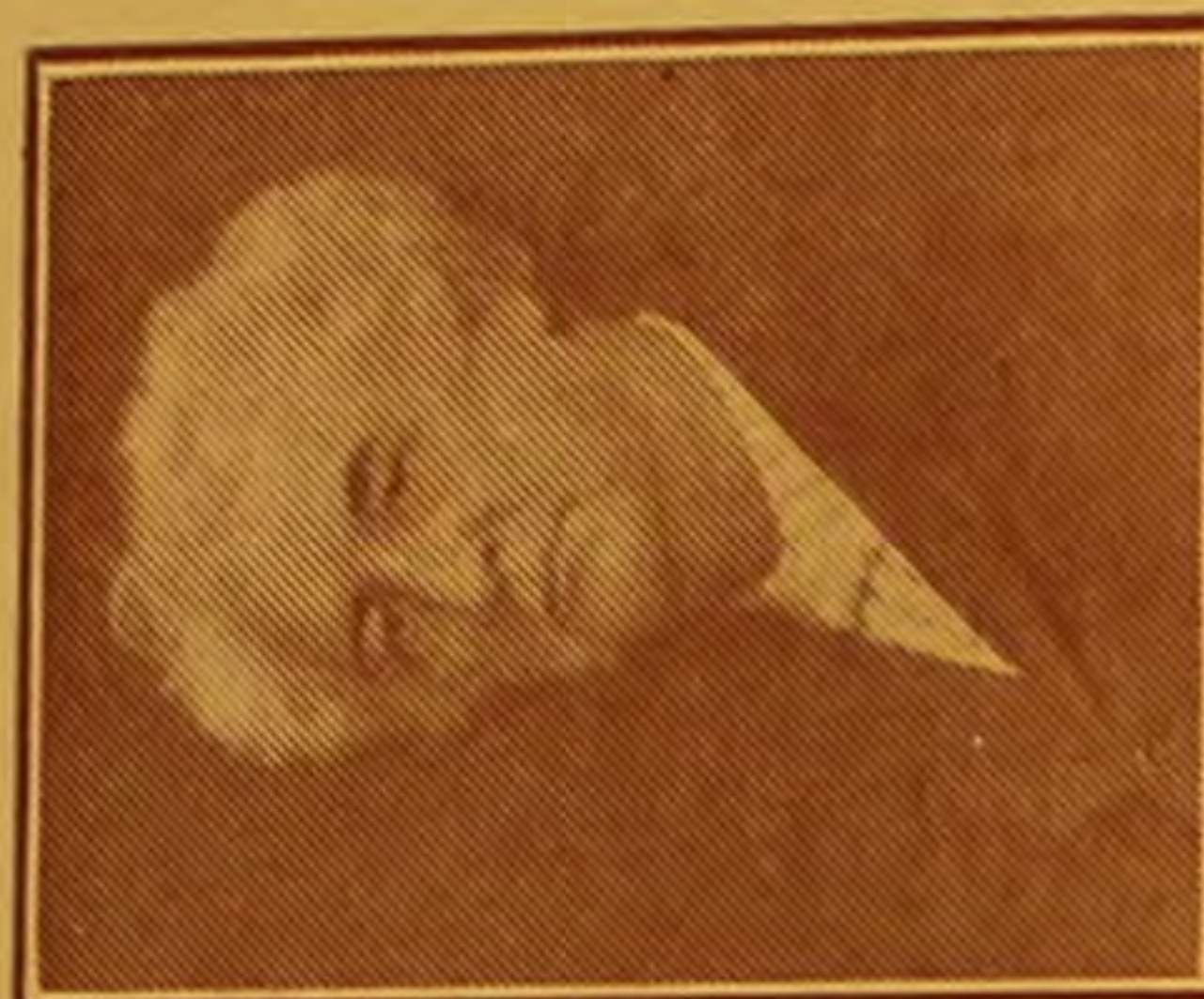
NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING CO., 4651 N. CLAY ST.
CHICAGO U.S.A.

Without Drugs or Surgery

MR. C. H. ALMOND was told that operation, followed by seven weeks flat on his back, would be absolutely necessary. ¶ HON. W. H. COW, GILL, Railroad Commissioner of Nebraska, had leg ulcer two years old, caused from a dog bite, very painful, 11 inches around and from 1-8 to 1-2 inch deep. Surgeons wanted to remove arteries, and if necessary the leg. The expense and danger would have been enormous. Pain relieved third day; under treatment five weeks, happy all the time, good healthy skin over entire space. Besides, Mr. Cowgill was too heavy; weight reduced 30 pounds. ¶ COL. JOHN SOBIESKI, Direct Male Heir to the last King of Poland. Relieved permanently of pain, indigestion and inflammation in the stomach, caused by a minnie-ball wound received during our Civil War. ¶ MISS CARRIE BINGAMAN, carried in on stretcher, family hopeless and skeptical, Exophthalmic Goitre, weight 84 pounds, heart trouble, etc. Did weigh 84 pounds, and now weighs 135 and is soon to be happily married. ¶ MAJOR JACK B. DOWNING, Pilot on Mississippi with Mark Twain, famous violinist, vision restored. Wife cured of fibroid tumor. ¶ R. N. CHESTNUT, MONTGOMERY, ALA., permanently relieved of Neurasthenia in four weeks. Has had full charge of his large business interests ever since. ¶ MRS. EMMA CONORS, MANVILLE, WYO., Blindness. ¶ MISS GENEVA HUDSON, Cataract. C. F. HUBERT, FOWLER, ILLS., Neurasthenia, incipient locomotor ataxia. New lease on life.

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 & Weltmer Institute,
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C. H. Almond
 President
 C. H. Almond Dry Goods Co.


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Besides these, there will be the many earnest students, young and old, who, dissatisfied with their present position in life as clerk, telegrapher, farmer, stenographer, etc., are striving to become their own master so that they may make more money, take a more honored position in the community, extend the beneficent influence of Suggestive Therapeutics and its underlying Psychological Philosophy to a greater number of the sick and afflicted, and do a greater share of the world's work. In this class will be heads of families who feel that taking our Course is a duty they owe to their loved ones, whom they will, through the things we teach, insure against disease and failure.

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Prof. S. A. Weltmer

Nevada, Missouri

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And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer."

VOL. XVIII

MAY 1, 1909.

No. 3

Nailheads

S. A. WELTMER.

When asked for information tell only the things that you know, and you will never have to apologize for your statements.

* * *

"I don't know" is often the most satisfactory answer an individual can make to a question.

* * *

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* * *

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* * *

Everything that progresses must be in a state of continual change. On this account no man can stand still in his own road, nor can he dare to make another man stand still.

* * *

You cannot be tomorrow what you are today; you must be more or you will be less.

* * *

What I think is what I am. What I cause another person to think is what I influence him to become. If I find an individual in a state of physical decay or inefficiency and I am able to change his thought, this thought will change him according to its nature.

* * *

I would rather teach one man to be himself than lead a million as my disciples.

Lessons in Health and Success

S. A. WELTMER.

Lesson I. The Control of the Physical Organism by the Mind.



There has never been a time in the history of the world when men have not sought to grasp the power to accomplish greater things than the achievements of former ages.

That men accomplish the same results by different means, interests the public as a whole, and as a usual thing arouses the criticism and antagonism of others engaged in the same line of work, but using a different plan.

From time to time the secular press, under glaring headlines and with perfect sincerity, has heralded to the world the discovery of the divine gift of healing possessed by some individual.

The majority of those to whom this power has been attributed have neither affirmed nor denied these imputations, offering no other answer than the work they performed.

The newspapers of the country and the people outside of any church affiliation recognize this gift as divine. No one questions its divinity except those who are engaged in the same business!

There is only one power to which healing can be ascribed, from a philosophical standpoint, and that is the Creator of the universe, acting through natural law.

The religious world has called this power satanic, but the secular world cares not who relieves it of pain, who removes the distresses, or who drives away the overshadowing clouds; **WHETHER SATANIC OR DIVINE, IF IT SUCCEEDS IT SATISFIES.**

The great school of physicians which uses drugs and relies upon them, cannot consider this a detrimental thing, but has regarded it as illegitimate, and so arrayed itself against it.

The man who begins the study of psychology and psychological effects, thinks he is delving into the category of mysterious things and expects to see the weird, the uncanny and the unnatural. He overlooks the fact that he is going to undertake to produce the most natural results in human lives and by the simplest methods possible.

ALL POWER WHICH EXERTS AN ENDURING INFLUENCE IN LIFE IS INVISIBLE. That potentiality which transforms the human soul and brings it out of the gloom of depression, sickness, discouragement and failure, into the sunlight of hope, health, self-reliance and success, is imperceptible to the vision, but it operates in a manner that is apparent to the consciousness of the individual.

Back of all created things is a power that exists and finds expression

both in the sentient life of animate things and in the cohesive capacity of seemingly inanimate objects.

At the present time it is conceded by all up-to-date thinkers that NOTHING EXISTS OR PROGRESSES, EITHER IN THE INORGANIC MASS OR IN THE FORM OF ORGANIZED INTELLIGENCE, EXCEPT AS IT IS IMPELLED BY MIND.

The consideration of that invisible force which is, knows, and does, gives us a tangible concept of an unseen energy which exists in the capacity to be, to know and to do; and this power is MIND.

Mind cannot exist merely in knowing. In order to be comprehensible it must add to its power of knowledge that of existence and of action.

In dealing with the far-reaching all-inclusive subject of mind, the abstruse problem of understanding it in its various forms of expression may be somewhat simplified by considering it in a three-fold application; individual, universal and Infinite.

When intelligence is manifested in a single thing or person this form of expression is termed individualized mind. Considering the same element or principle in a number of different things, each having a separate existence, this conception is denoted universal mind. Back of both these degrees of intelligence is an omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent power, operating through the whole universe and all its forms of being, and this is designated Infinite Mind.

Mind manifests in all created things according to the form of being through which it finds expression. That perfect power to know, which exists in each mind, in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms is called nature; in the animal kingdom, instinct; and in man, intuition.

EACH HUMAN MIND IS POSSESSED OF PERFECT POWERS, and if rightfully awakened into action, these wonderful latent forces lying within the individual will disclose capacities and capabilities that previously were unknown to exist.

For centuries the masses of the people have been content to believe that a few especially favored individuals have been endowed with some particular powers that are not the prerogative of the whole human family.

Unmindful of the fact that it has been demonstrated repeatedly that each human mind is possessed of the same faculties and powers, men have attributed greatness to certain individuals and have denied to themselves these same virtues, which were not in evidence simply because the owner constantly entertained a host of adverse beliefs which effectually precluded all possibility of their development in sufficient measure to be objectively disclosed, literally crushing out of his being their expression.

THAT THE MIND CONTROLS THE PHYSICAL ORGANISM, IS A PROPOSITION EASILY DEMONSTRATED. It is through this control that it has been made possible to allow the measure of perfect health already existing within the sick person, to find expression in his body and ultimately bring about a perfect physical condition.

A few of the more liberal thinkers are just beginning to awaken to a knowledge of the fact that possibly the human mind is as intelligent

in its work of restoring harmonious action in the body which it occupies, should this temple chance to become out of repair, as is the universal mind displayed in the plant world.

SUBJECTIVELY PLANTS AND ANIMALS EVINCE A WIDER RANGE OF INTELLIGENCE THAN DOES MAN WITH HIS BROADER CONSCIOUSNESS. Their powers of discrimination and selection have been so perfectly developed that they only attract to themselves the materials which will enable them to express the greatest amount of perfection on that particular plane; never by any chance appropriating that which belongs to another being nor that which would prove detrimental.

The one great agency which man has allowed to minister to his undoing is that which, when used aright, proves the source through which must come all of his power.

There is but one route through which any influence can enter the human mind, and that is through the avenue of belief. WHAT A MAN BELIEVES, CONTROLS HIM; WHAT HE KNOWS, CONSTITUTES HIS POWER TO CONTROL OTHER LIVES. The mind of man can choose anything he desires and admit into his being every kind of influence he chooses to consider.

(To be continued)

Shaping Life by Shaping the Mind of a Child*

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



As you walk along the streets with your children, what do you talk about?

Are you calling their attention to the shop windows and sighing to think that you cannot buy all the beautiful things displayed to whet the appetite for adornment?

Do you reply to their importuning for toys and articles of clothing by the statement that you are "too poor" to buy these things, and then do you follow this remark by exclamations of admiration and envy over the handsome equipages, with richly gowned occupants, and say, "It must be lovely to be rich"?

If this is your method of entertaining your children, it would be far wiser to leave them at home.

You are educating them in discontent, jealousy and a false idea of what constitutes happiness.

You are awakening a precocious longing for wealth and display and creating those "class distinctions" which so many good people declare are created by the "sensational newspapers."

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Suppose you take a walk to-morrow with your children and direct their young minds in other channels.

Call their attention to the number of people trying to earn a decent living—trying to avoid being classed as beggars—by selling shoestrings and feather dusters and other trifles on the street.

Indulge in a little talk about these vendors. Speak of the "sandwich" man not as an object for ridicule or fun, but as a brother human being, who is doing the best, as far as he sees the way, to get through this complicated life as we find it in large cities.

Then give your child a few pennies to patronize the shoestring vendor, and to water the little seed of sympathy which you have planted in his heart.

When you see a carriage with docked horses wearing the absurd and cruel overcheck, say to your children, "I would rather be poor my whole life than to be rolling in wealth and driving horses with mutilated tails and cramped necks.

"Those foolish people think they are obliged to do those things, and I am sorry for them as well as for the animals. They are slaves and do not know it.

"Some day the world will grow wiser, and human beings will learn there is no happiness in what hurts any living creature."

When you meet beautifully attired children, say to your child, "They are loved, but they cannot be loved any more than you are—and I am sure they are no happier than you and I. For all happiness must come from love in our hearts."

If you see a starved-looking dog or cat on the street, speak of it with sympathy, and, if possible to do so, let your child buy a few cents' worth of meat from a shop and feed the homeless animal.

If you see a man or boy pushing ahead of women through doors or into cars and stages, say to your boy how sorry you should be to have him so rude.

Impress upon him the necessity of politeness and courtesy in public places as an attribute of manliness.

Thank him when he opens a door for you or steps aside for you to enter a car or when he rises to give another a seat.

In all these small and simple ways you can be giving your children the foundation for a most valuable education.

It lies in the power of the mother to make her children what she desires them to be if she begins early enough and keeps at the task day after day.

A child's brain is being built the first fourteen years of life, and it is the mother's privilege to direct the structure and awaken the noblest and most admirable qualities by giving them thought exercises.

Each thought which passes through a child's mind is leaving its physical impress on the brain and making that thought easier to occur again. Pave the way for good and great thoughts.

The Law of Chemical Equilibrium

BY PAUL F. CASE.

Article VI. *The Source of Power and How to Use It.*

Because Man is Body, Soul (Mind) and Spirit, he cannot get into harmony with the laws of his being until his thought is consciously active on all of these planes.

To become consciously active, the thought must be free, and this freedom is impossible if any barriers of misconception be set up between Body and Mind, or between Mind and Spirit. If you set up such barriers, you are like a man who builds a high circular wall, standing on top till it is finished, and then jumps into the enclosed space—or outside of it, for that matter—without any ladder to get him to the top again. You lose just so much of yourself as you shut up.

All the differences between doctors and healers may be traced to this single error of thinking. If you want to create health, get rid of this mistaken idea. Learn once and for all this principle:

SPIRIT, MIND AND BODY ARE ONE.

Not the *same*, for there is a vast difference between them—but *one*, a unit in action and in purpose, manifesting in three ways and free from all separateness.

Mind occupies the central position in this trinity. That is the secret of the power of thought. Spirit and Body are like children on the ends of a see-saw. Mind is like the child in the middle. It can throw its weight—Will—in either direction. Apply thought properly, and you can keep Spirit and Body in a state of perfect equilibrium. This is the meaning of the oft-repeated axiom, "As a man thinketh, so is he."

To realize the unity of Spirit, Mind and Body is the first step. When you have taken it you cannot neglect any part of yourself for any of the other parts.

When you eat and drink, you will say to yourself, "My Mind and Spirit are getting the benefit of this food and this water, as well as my Body."

When you breathe, you will know that you are filling your mental and spiritual lungs as well as the physical ones.

Just as soon as you begin to feel this with all your heart, you will begin to notice a change for the better. A new sense of life, a new conception of its possibilities, will awaken within you, and with this mental regeneration will come a desire for the best you can find in every department of life. You will want the best food, the best and purest water, the freshest air. You will not be satisfied with anything but the best in the world of Mind; and you will be filled with longing for larger, brighter and more accurate ideals on the plane of the Spirit.

Nothing can withstand the power of Desire when it seeks the very

best in life. It will get you to the top if you only let it. But before you can set Desire to work, you must train it. This training takes time and thought and patience, but it results in a power that amply repays you for every bit of the work.

This training falls into four natural divisions, which will require you to study the following things:

1. The source of power.
2. The machine that is run by it.
3. The force that directs it and transforms it.
4. The laws governing the operation of the machine.

In this article I shall discuss Spirit, the source of power, but before doing so I want to turn your attention to the subjects covered by the other divisions I have given. We shall take up these points in later articles in greater detail, but I want you to form a general idea of the main points of the science of Health-Creation right now. I want you to *think* about them before you read what I think. That's why I'm writing these articles—to get people to think, not about curing disease (which is only the negative side of the subject), but about creating health. "Curing disease" is like trying to overcome a bad habit by saying, "I won't do it." "Creating health" is better to think about, better to write about, and better to practice, because it is in harmony with the great psychological law, "To destroy an undesirable quality, cultivate its opposite."

Furthermore, I believe that we have, most of us, shockingly low ideals of health. I am confident that health is just as capable of improvement as anything else. And I want to do everything in my power to raise the standard of health. I need *your* help in this, and I know I'll get it.

To get the best results in health-creation, you must know what the parts of the body are for, where they are, and how to remedy mechanical defects in the physical machinery. The amount of study required differs according to the purposes for which you intend to use your knowledge. If you wish only to treat yourself, a fair knowledge of anatomy and physiology, together with a working acquaintance with simple surgery, such as is required for first aid to the injured, will be quite sufficient. If you intend to treat others, you may have to take up the more difficult branches of Surgery, and probably you will want to know the principles of Osteopathy. In later articles I shall discuss some new discoveries in anatomy and physiology which will undoubtedly revolutionize the entire system of instruction in these sciences, and will explain to you many things which have hitherto seemed very mysterious. The discoveries have a very practical application to the actual work of creating health.

The directing and transforming force of the Self is the Mind. New discoveries have also been made about the relation of Mind and Body, which, when you have combined them with the well-known phenomena of suggestion, affirmation, etc., will enable you to use your thought to the best advantage.

Finally, we shall consider the laws which govern the operation of the

machine. This is probably the most interesting part of our study, for it takes us into the fairy-land of chemistry, and puts us in possession of almost magical powers.

I shall try to make everything as plain and simple as possible, for I want to interest every one of you. To be healthy is to be whole; to be whole is to reach perfection. To reach perfection is beyond our present comprehension, but that we are able to think of reaching that goal is our warrant for believing it possible. To reach it we must unite those who seek to make men healthy—whether doctors, healers or preachers. I cannot do this alone, but you can do it, if you'll begin to think and act.

To return to the subject of this article, let us see what we mean when we say "Spirit." A few paragraphs back, I compared Spirit to one of the children on a see-saw. A little later I called it the source of power, although I had hardly finished telling you that Mind directs the Spirit as well as the Body. "Here is a bundle of contradictions," you are thinking: "how will he explain them?"

In the first place, let us consider the derivation of the word. It comes from the Latin *spiro*, meaning to *breathe*, and by analogy to *live*. Spirit, then, is life itself. Spirit has sometimes been distinguished as "essence, force, or energy as distinct from matter." We may then say that Spirit is the Life and the Body the instrument. Thus we justify the comparison of the see-saw, for Life, by its own law, cannot act upon matter except through the agency of Mind. Mind directs Spirit by co-operation.

Metaphysicians call this "something" Spirit; natural scientists call it Ether. As a matter of fact, these opposing camps are at variance simply because neither understands the terms of the other. This is quite generally recognized by New Thought people, but no scientific Esperanto has yet been coined which unites all these ideas in a single word. Yet a comparison of the descriptions given by each show that they talk about absolutely the same thing.

They are like soldiers who have mistaken friends for foes. Out of this confusion in the past much bitterness, heart-ache, pain and loss of life has come. Why should it longer continue?

Extremists of the "tender-minded" type, as Prof. William James calls them, are shocked to have anybody tell them Spirit is *material*. Hard-headed materialists dislike the apparent effeminacy and purposeless abstractions that have warped the true meaning of Spirit.

New Thought cries, "Peace" to both parties, and unites them in a common search by saying "Whom do ye serve?"

And when answer is made by the most competent men of either faction, they agree—in all but words. What difference does it make whether I say "bread" in forty languages, so long as I get it? Suppose one is a metaphysical, and the other a scientific, dialect? Let us have one language again, and we shall have no quarrels.

I am perfectly willing to admit that Spirit is material because I know that Spirit, Ether, Force, Energy—SOMETHING that moves me and

serves me when I am in harmony with its laws, does all this by its action in and with what we call matter.

Nor do I find any difficulty in saying that the Universal Ether is Spirit, because science describes it as that from which matter comes. Few of the leaders of science, if any, hold any other opinion. If matter grows out of ether, there must be energy in ether to cause the growth. Spirit is the older name for the seat of energy and force, the source of matter, the source of life. Does it lessen the value of these scientific manifestations, fully capable of proof, to admit that they are also of the same substance as the Ether? Jesus said, "God is Love." What varying conceptions of love there are, yet we strain at another more clearly understandable word!

The practical aspect of the matter is that we may use and direct the force and energy of this universal substance by means of thought.

Not only this, *but we are doing so right now*. Whether we hurt or benefit ourselves in the process is the question we must ask.

The very best thing anybody can do is to realize that the force and energy and spirit of the Ether IS. Just open your eyes to the everyday facts of life and realize that they are manifestations of an absolutely exhaustless power. Seeing is believing, and you can't help seeing power everywhere. Use the other name for power—Spirit—when you see a horse pulling a wagon; when the laughter of children comes to you from the street; when the clock ticks—*always*. Then you will begin to *know* Spirit. You will have begun a journey without end and full of joy.

Take a little time each day to think of this; when you walk alone, when riding on street-cars—any time that you can observe with comparative regularity—and try to feel that you let go entirely to something as much greater and better than yourself as you can conceive. Soon you will know that you are not walking alone. You will feel that the power that moves the Universe works with you.

Then you will find yourself realizing that this power works *through* you. What you think, what you say, what you do, is done through the power behind. And this power is directed *by* you. You know this now, because you know that the power that thinks in you—the Mind—is produced by the action of energy upon matter in the form of brain-substance.

You don't have to go to any secret conclave of adepts to know Spirit. You only have to open your eyes—the same *material* eyes that read these words—on the world around you, and do a very little common-sense thinking.

To *use* Spirit is a matter much easier than it appears when we let the word "Universal" separate it from ourselves. Get into the habit of realizing that Spirit manifests in *every* action of your body, and you will not mind if physicians call it Vital Force, or *vice versa*.

When you have convinced yourself by personal experience that Spirit is *real*, you can begin to use it to regenerate your Body or your Mind,

because you will have no more doubts as to its reality than you have of the existence of heat.

To get the best and quickest results in this process of re-building, which must precede all attempts at further decoration or furnishing, a few well-tried and ancient methods are as useful now as they have always been, and will undoubtedly remain while we inhabit bodies.

The Will of the individual directs his voluntary actions, as every school-boy knows. Strive first of all to get control of these. Learn to relax and listen for the advice of Spirit, which, since it is everywhere and is intelligent, must know everything. Then get up and use your will-force to control that tapping of the feet, that mannerism or this. These things take Vital Force, and your physical machine will not stand ignorant misuse.

How long life might be prolonged in a vigorous, useful human body which expressed all the best of the Individual who used it, I am not prepared to say. I do not know. That it may be much longer and altogether happier than is common at present is fully demonstrable. Here is an ideal worth working for, but there is one much higher, and that is to manifest the *best* of the power we possess right NOW. However that power may be expressed—whether in poetry, in flower-beds, or in cooking a meal—let us use *all* our thought in searching out ways to improve it.

The art of doing this is the whole secret of concentration. Whether you know it or not, ATTENTION WILL AT LAST AROUSE DESIRE, and when you deeply desire a thing, all that you do and say is grouped around that desire. Some call this the Law of Attraction, some call it Fate. Whatever you name it, the practical experience of ages has shown that the thing you *want* most is what you pay most *attention* to. You may delude yourself into thinking you want something else. You may neglect what you *can* do for what you'd like to do, and wonder why you don't succeed. Your vision may not be clear enough to see that what you are doing now is part of that air-castle of yours.

What is commonly known as "building air-castles" is no more than a casual glancing over the plans. To look at the plan is well enough, and necessary, but the men who have succeeded in life are the ones who have built daily action into the material presentment of their dreams, by doing their level, "honest-with-myself" best.

To create health you must do just this. If you are limited by disease say, "I express the best in everything I do." Don't long to do what you would if you were in perfect harmony with Spirit. Don't attempt unreasonable feats, but just use common sense, and let the Spirit express itself in whatever you do. Soon you will feel that you are in harmony, and your temporary limitation will disappear.

The whole art of spiritual healing rests on the fact that Spirit goes wherever it is wanted *intelligently*. Intelligent Desire knows that it is a reality which will at last be given form. It knows that to want health is to think health and act health.

(To be continued.)



A'nt Mirandy Speaks!

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

*Clah to goodness, honey chile, I ain' got no trub-
bles!*

*Seems like when ah shakes mah sides,
Ol' man Trubble runs an' hides;
Off mah back de burdens slides, an' all mah good
things doubles.
Umph-hm!*

*Sistah Rose, she hab a time! My, dat po' ol'
niggah!*

*Ain' no ill a-gwine 'roun',
In all dis evahlastin' town,
Dat don' pin Sistah Rosa down, big as
life an' biggah.
Das so!*

*Me, I git to projeckin' huccome dat siti-
vation—*

*Me so keerless-lak an' free,
Huh so squshed in misery;
Tink de Lawd meant dat to be, thoo his
p'edestination?
Uh-uh!*

*Guess she too horse-pit-er-ble—keep huh
front do' swingin';*

*Trubble heah de sighs come thoo,
Say, "Dis bo'din' place will do,"
An' pas' me by—ol' Timbuctoo!
Bet he ketchd me singin'!
Ain' dat right?*



How Achievement is Built

ERNEST WELTMER.



Every effort, every outlay of energy, is hopeful. We try to do something, hoping to succeed. Effort under any other stimulus is ridiculous. True, the hope we feel may sometimes be remote from the action itself, as when one works hoping to earn, or rather to acquire, money, but cares little for the thing he does. But even then the action is inspired by hope; there is in it some element of hope. This is even true where a slave acts to avoid the punishment that would come from inaction; there is some

hope in even this. We may say, then, once for all, that there is hope in every expression of man's energies. And we may add, what may not be so obvious but is none the less true, that in the degree that hope is directly connected with the effort one makes, in that degree is it spontaneous and fruitful both in itself and in the effect of its reaction upon the man himself.

The opposite necessarily follows: the man who works without hope, with much doubt and much discouragement in his thought of his task, works at an immense disadvantage. His expressions lack spontaneity and are accomplished only at great expense of energy, lost in overcoming internal resistances, and he gets an exceedingly small return for his labor. His every condition favors the very disastrous outcome he fears. He is like the engine with so many rusted bearings that nearly all its power is required in turning its wheels, or the dynamo with such high internal resistance that there is but little current left for outside work. Such machines do not produce much effect upon other machines, nor does a man in such a state produce much outside effect for the amount of power exerted. Too much is lost in overcoming his own internal resistance to the action.

Work hopefully, even if you have to feign the hope. Forget all discouragement in the thought of the good you can see in your work, no matter how meager that good may be. To work in discouragement is to waste your powers and make it hard to be effective in the future. For it is a true saying that no single act is isolated from the rest of your life; it is bound up by its results with every act that follows.

* * *

We are often to be found "kicking" about the difficulties that beset our paths. We think we are especially "unlucky" because we have a hard lot in life, and we envy our neighbors who seem to "get along" so much easier than we.

There are very few of us who ever welcome difficulty, or who look upon it as one form of golden opportunity; yet many times it is the great-

est good fortune that could befall us, and more often brings opportunity than does the ease that we covet.

Difficulty is one of our greatest blessings, for it develops us. It brings out the stuff that is in us and makes us able to meet the trials that are ever to be found upon the roads that lead to success. The man who is freed from difficulties, never has an opportunity to develop his mind or body. He is flabby as to muscles, and unstable as to character. The child that is sheltered from the cold winds and the hard knocks of life is not the one who develops into the strong, self-reliant, capable, dominant man of affairs, in whatever environment may be the scene of his later activities. It is the man who has had to meet difficulty, who has had the courage to face and the strength to overcome it, who blazes the new roads, and moves the world forward a peg. It is that sort of man who is successful and who will always be so.

Let us not seek to dodge, but to *overcome* difficulties, if we would be strong.

Let us pray not for ease but for strength—and remember that the most effective prayer for strength is the prayer that uses, usefully, the strength we now possess.

Ye Say That I Am

HENRY W. VAUGHAN.

*What I now write is for a race un-born,
To serve as tools of Love when I return
Next time, to do with flesh as God demands:
To work His perfect work of Love through man.*

Practical Lessons in Telepathy

BY HENRY HARRISON BROWN,

Lesson III.

Life is the Universal form of the absolute Expression. All Life is the One in manifestation. Through forms ever more complex, life moves onward from simplest protoplasm to the most complex of all organisms—the human. Because it is the one Life in each one of this multiplicity of forms, Emerson's couplet is Truth:

*"And striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."*

It is not the individual worm that thus mounts, but the one Life, that is now worm, and now bird, and now fish, and now man. This Universal Life making for Itself a human form of expression, has in

Man raised Itself in pitch, and becomes love (E-Motion)—a motion outward from the individual center, as light radiates from sun.

Each human being is identical in Love (Emotion) with every other. But Life as Love has also an individual form of expression, and that is Thought. In Thought individuality consists. I am I, not as Life, not as Love, but as Thought. Hence the law: "I am that which I think I am." As Thought, I am not brute, but an individual man; as Love, I am not brute—but Universal man; as Life I am one with brute. To me as an individual, the Universal man and the brute are subject. By Thought, when I come into realization of my Real self, I will control all that is not myself. Through thinking, the evolution of the race is in the direction of this Thought-control. This is in reality *Self Control*, for it is the conscious individual controlling that in him which is *subconscious*, automatic and instinctive and animal. This Self-Control is the highest and noblest manifestation of manhood. The "Coming man" is on the way, in thus learning to control and to develop into consciousness the latent forces of himself as Human Soul. It is in this thought Tennyson writes his poem, "By an Evolutionist":

*"If my body came from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own,
I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute?"*

*No, but if the rebel subject seeks to drag me off my throne,
Hold the scepter, Human Soul, and rule thy province of the brute."*

Through the knowledge and use of Himself as Thought, and ever realizing that as Thought he is a Human transmutation of omnipotence, man will come at last to the mastery. Individuals here and there first, and ultimately the race, will conquer the beast in Man and *be* Man, freed from all animal instincts, impulses, desires and limitations. This the poet saw when in his next stanza he said:

*"But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the MAN is quiet at last
As he stands on the height of his life with a glimpse of a height that
is higher."*

To accomplish this he must study himself as Thought as he has heretofore studied himself as Matter (Body). And he must study and experiment with Thought as he has with electricity, until he learns *how to think*. This is the most important of all knowledge. The Thinker is a rare individual. The masses *think* that they think while they are only thinking upon some thought given them by Suggestion. The Thinker receives Thought from within, by inspiration. Says Emerson: "*Beware when God lets loose a Thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or where it will end. There is not a piece of Science but its flank may be turned tomorrow.*" Is Emerson speaking truly, sanely and scientifically? If you have practiced faithfully the exercises I have advised, you will answer, "Yes."

Is it fact that you can receive a letter, a number, a geometrical figure from another without material means of communication? It demon-

strates that you are dealing with a form of power and also that if it can bring to you one Thought, there is no limit to what it can and may carry. The whole of the present art of telegraphy and telephony lies in the simple fact that the electric current could be sent a few feet over a wire. Morse while on board a vessel was told that a gentleman had succeeded in sending an electric current over a few feet of wire and there causing it to manifest by moving something. Morse said: "If it can go a few feet, it can go around the earth." He at once began to experiment, and the telegraph was the result.

By the simple exercises I have outlined for you, you are doing the same thing; i. e., learning how to use Power. But that power is *yourself*, as Thought. The battery is *yourself* as Love. Can you put a limit to your possibilities, now that you have demonstrated the fact that you can and do send messages? You have but to learn the conditions. Obey them, practice till you become an adept. But do not think it is a toy. It is the "Greatest Discovery" Man has ever made. Continue your practice until you are confident that you can catch the thought of the transmitter. I give this caution. When seance is through, come back to your old objective Life *positively*. Until you can do this with a will, take up some positive physical exercise. Many a time I have thrown the ball, sawed wood, worked in the garden, ridden horseback, to restore mental equilibrium. Neglect to do this causes reveries, absent-mindedness and other mental conditions not conducive to health and sanity. But no other exercise is more conducive to mental health and vigor than the exercises I recommend; but here as elsewhere *keep commonsense uppermost*. Extremes are dangerous anywhere. "*Be temperate in all things.*"

You may now try another simple experiment. Be blind-folded and remain mentally receptive; that is, be attentive to no thought of your own. Be ready to receive whatever comes. Let some one *think* you to touch something, to do something. You will feel pulled, or pushed, in a certain direction. Let yourself go; let your hand place itself where it will. You soon will follow without fail the thought of another and thus learn that *thought has motive power*. Note how quickly the "Mind-readers" run across the hall or drive through the street. Thought is quicker than lightning, and hurries their bodies along. Learn this and then think rightly, and no matter what you ask, Thought will do it without weariness. To realize this is worth more to you in health and happiness, than all the learning of the colleges. As you with no weariness are carried across the room, so may you, when you give up to Thought, be carried through your day's labors, for Thought is Power.

(To be continued)

"Not what has happened to myself today, but what has happened to others through me—that should be my thought."—Frederick Deering Blake.

The Altar Stairs

ELIZABETH BURGESS HUGHES.

Dusk was settling over the little Canadian village when the priest left his home for the Confessional. He walked slowly, with head lifted instead of down-dropped (as was usual with him), as though to drink in the beauty and sweetness of the April night. The stars seemed very near, and perhaps he felt drawn toward them in a new and mysterious way, for at a turn of the path, where lilac-bushes thrust a pale-purple screen between him and any chance passer-by, he paused and buried his face in their damp fragrance and whispered to them, as though they were animate, understanding things, of the beauty of God's world and God's far-away stars.

"I am glad I am alive," he told them. "Glad to be given the chance of this life, and a higher one afterward, in which I shall be unfettered and a brother to the stars. Ah, life is very sweet . . . very sweet. How slowly comes the awakening when we refuse to recognize the harmony of the great Scheme,—in our way we are as infinite as earth and stars, and sky and sea. After all, happiness lies in feeling one's self necessary to God. There is nothing that He has created that He does not need."

Still grasping the swaying lilacs, he walked along the pathway, now white with Spring flowers, his eyes lifted, in a spiritual *abandon*, to the stars. There had come to him a sudden and blinding glimpse of the heights to which the soul of man may attain, and he trembled with the revelation.

Wild, sweet odors stung his brain; dew-scented flowers fell softly on his shoulders. The shadowy darkness hovered about him as tenderly as the benediction of an angel. It was a night in which the dead might come back to us and put warm arms about our necks and we should feel no surprise.

Father Abercrombie entered the Confessional. The room was dim and silent, and the scent of the violets on a table just inside the wide-open window made the atmosphere oppressive.

The priest walked across the room, and stood silently a moment before the altar. Two stairs curved just below it, where penitents were wont to kneel. A feeble light now burned over the altar, and in the dim recess beyond, the figure of a white Christ on a dark cross shone in the gloom. The Head was bowed, but from under the blood-stained brows looked out the divine, compassionate eyes. They drew a sob into the priest's throat whenever he met them. It was as though they said to him, "It is for *you*, too."

Father Abercrombie was perhaps the most influential man of his day in the province where he lived. Nay, more,—he was known far and wide as one of the purest and bravest of men, in spite of the fact that no one seemed to know very much about him; least of all, when and where he had first sprung into fame.

He had proved himself a hero in a recent cholera scourge; he had prevented monstrous and unjust laws being put into execution in his township; he had made himself indispensable in times of need and stress. Where other men dared not go, Alexander Abercrombie was found. He was a good man, and a fearless one, aflame with the fervor of intense spirituality—that was all anyone could say. In spite of his masterful, unquestioning manner, he seemed to have no enemies in particular, though occasionally it was hinted that he came of low lineage and there was

mystery back of him. But the calm, priestly gravity of the man silenced his critics. At any rate, said his people, whatever might lie back yonder in the forgotten past, Father Abercrombie's hand was now in God's and he had reached almost the level of sainthood.

His lips were touched with golden fire; there was no other man so straightforwardly eloquent. His words went to the heart—and yet they were very simple. The man himself was simple and straightforward and friendly, and yet there was that about him which discouraged flippant friendship. Every man's friend, he was the boon companion of none. He was as one set apart.

Tonight, as he looked into the face of the suffering Christ, something as intangible—and as sweet—as the odor of the violets crept into his heart. He smiled as he looked still at the dying figure—and the smile was scarcely of earth. It was radiant, comprehensive, tender. One saw that there on the Cross hung the symbol of his faith; his Comrade was the *Man* who had died there. He had risen above the pain of it, and could smile for joy that the Sacrifice had been made.

He prayed silently, his eyes never leaving the Face he loved. And he begged humbly for patience and peace and understanding—human understanding.

For he needed it. God alone knew through what he passed each night of the Confessional. One would think only an inspired man might meet it. Confessions of shame and crime and faithlessness—at times his heart staggered under the burden of it.

Tonight, it seemed, the Confessional was empty. He came slowly nearer the altar, one hand entwined in the chain of the crucifix about his neck, and reached up to turn the dim light higher.

His foot touched something. With a smothered exclamation of surprise, he drew back and looked about him. With arms flung upon the altar-steps and head bowed upon them, his prostrate form shaking with noiseless sobs, lay a man.

The priest dropped a quiet hand upon him.

"Oh, do go away!" muttered a tear-drenched voice. "I hate you tonight—you and your sanctimonious kind—and all other *successful* men. I didn't know it was your hour; I only slipped in to pray to the Christ yonder. *He* might understand, but you couldn't. Let me get out of here. Others will be coming in."

For answer, Father Abercrombie unclasped a key from the chain still twisted about his fingers, and locked the door.

"Now, my man," he said quietly, "I'm going to know the whole matter, so you may as well tell me. I shall not interrupt; sit up and begin."

The young man reluctantly dragged himself from the floor and sat moodily upon the altar-stairs. His youthful face, now revealed, though swollen with tears and suffering, held a sort of stubborn sweetness and human tenderness that the priest loved at once. The slender shoulders shook with the tearless sobs that tore him.

After a moment he spoke.

"It's only that I'm such a damned coward, Father. Other men strive and fail, and console themselves somehow. Others keep on—and on and on—and the fires of hell could not quench them—and they succeed at last. I've tried . . . and tried . . . and prayed and suffered and hoped. And it is always the same—I'm a failure—a *failure*, do you hear? A failure in everything that I undertake—in every phase of my

existence. Life has broken under me, and I am sitting here in the ruins."

The priest stood silent, one hand on the little table that held the violets. Their faint, hypnotic odor stole softly through the room, maddening with memories the man crouched on the altar-stairs.

"Oh, I *ought* to succeed—I know that. I've got talent and power, and I'm no laggard. I'm just a great Intention unfinished. And I've done my best—that's all."

Still the priest did not speak.

"I've been in this village two weeks—ran away to escape everything, hoping I'd stagnate. I envied the dray-horses in the streets. *They* were not aflame with rebellion and hatred of life. When I struck this dead-level spot I was pretty sure that I should meet no successful men here. The sight of them is a rebuke—a lash stinging me into sharper realization of my own failure. Somehow I *ought to be* and *am not*—that's all I know about it. Something holds me back; I can't get beyond a certain invisible wall. When I came here, expecting, as I said, to meet with passive creatures who aspired to nothing higher than well-fattened hogs and a good price for butter, I could hear nothing but Father Abercrombie. Though a priest, he was an ideal of perfection—the wisest, shrewdest, tenderest of men. He was an honor to his village—to his country—to his state. Oh, a wonderful man was Father Abercrombie! Then I saw you, and swiftly I began to hate you. You were all that I wanted to be . . . and could not. You were so calm—so eternally calm—so at peace with everything. I was in a tumult; you were very still. I could not fathom the secret of your placid acceptance of the hum-drum duties of a village priest. I tried it; I asked questions. But no one seemed to know anything about you. You were just a good and great man—that was all anybody knew, but of that they were very certain.

"Has he always been the same—placid as a summer sea?" I asked. "Why, if the Heavens opened I don't believe the man would be surprised."

"And some one answered, 'For him the Heavens have opened—that is why his spirit is still. It is the reflection of what he has beheld.'"

"I tried to gather inspiration from you, but I failed. I had never spoken with you, but I watched you from a distance, hoping sometime, in an unguarded moment, to glimpse the real man. But I could not; bright, cheerful, human and approachable, you were yet as superbly remote as an Alpine summit. I hated you for your unvarying composure. I was a creature all flame and snow, moody, passionate, rebellious, forever at war with myself and the life that went on about me, wanting to tear down without knowing how to build again, and my iconoclastic temperament quivered at your approach. I longed to see you break into something like human fretfulness; I wanted to see you angry—angry enough to *kill*—"

He stopped suddenly, for something in the priest's face caught at the words, and they died in his throat.

"Forgive me, Father. I am such a miserable weak coward. All my life I have fought for peace—for spiritual poise . . . alas! I shall never find it. *You* were born with it; you cannot understand my struggle."

Father Abercrombie crossed the little square of light in front of the altar, and stood very near the drooping figure. His black gown swept the boy's feet.

"Listen, my friend. In your secret soul . . . answer me as men answer their priests . . . deep in your secret soul is there not a source of unrest—a belief as to the *cause* of what you term your failure?"

The young man looked up with a little vacant, bitter laugh, but a swift, understanding color dashed his cheek. He met the priest's eyes with something like unwilling admiration in his own.

"By Jove, Father, you've hit the nail on the head. It's just that, you see. I know why I'm a failure—I *know*. It's this knowledge that keeps me down—that hedges me about when I try to rise. I know . . . I know!"

"Tell me," said Father Abercrombie, very gently.

"Perhaps it wouldn't be the best thing to do. . . . I'm not in the Confessional as penitent, you know. I do not think you could understand."

"I am quite sure I could understand. . . . I think I understand most things. And perhaps I could help you."

"Ah, if you could!—but I warn you beforehand that I have no faith in you. I have very little faith in anything. It's just this, Father—my trouble—just this: Life has never been fair with me; I haven't the ghost of a *chance*. Heredity has me in its grip. Environment did its worst. Ah, Father, if you knew what lies back of me! A line of debauched criminals—shameless, contented with themselves. . . . Never mind; I couldn't tell you all. What possible chance is there for me? I was doomed in my cradle. Oh, if I dared end it all! See. . . . I brought this with me tonight . . . but the stars were too big and bright, and the lilacs brushed my face. . . . I couldn't." The little revolver fell with a crash to the floor; the priest picked it up.

"I was not even born in wedlock. My mother deserted me. My father was a well-known criminal. And yet—he didn't look it. My mother had left with me a daguerreotype of him and his features were of noble mold. But he was evil—evil to the core of his heart. He even murdered his own brother—why, Father, he was another Cain, and the most reckless of a line of evil men. Afterwards, he disappeared. Then what was supposed to be his body was found rotting in a forest. People said he took his own life—most of the men of my family did. I had been sent to a Foundlings' Home. I have had a hard, unlovely time of it, Father, but through it all I've never lost faith in my own talents. I thought, perhaps some day, God might see fit to use me . . . but He will never need me. The sins of the fathers . . ."

"Hush," said the priest with dry lips. "I remember I used to utter such blasphemous lies, long ago—and I believed them then."

"You!" said the man, staring up at him. "*You* were born a saint; *your* blood is unstained; *you* have nothing to fear from life. *You* weren't maimed spiritually before your birth. *Your* growth was never checked and hampered by the knowledge that you had a mass of corruption back of you to fight."

"No," said the priest, "I didn't *have* it to fight, but I thought I did. When I grew old enough to understand speech, I grasped the fact that I was expected to be a sinner. 'All of his people are low; it is a race to be feared . . . how horrible to think of having blood like that in our children,' said the world about me, and fought shy of me. As I grew to manhood, these things came oftener to my hearing—such pleasant, palatable truths are rarely concealed. 'What chance has he?' even my friends were wont to ask. 'Think of his forbears.'"

"And I believed what they said—that there was no chance for me. I entered manhood believing that my fate was sealed, because I came of what people referred to, openly and behind my back, as 'bad stock,' because my ancestors were rakes, I perforce must be a rake, too.

"And I *was* one. I never did anything half-heartedly, and when I sowed my wild oats there promised a likely crop for future reckonings. I was bad, not because I really wanted to be, or enjoyed it, but because the idea had been instilled into my very soul that evil was expected of me—and ever present was the thought, 'What chance is there for me—what chance? I will eat, drink and be merry, and some fine day go out of the world at the point of a pistol, as my fathers did.'

"You know the old adage, 'Give a dog a bad name, and hang him.' Once started on a downward career, every hand I met was extended—not in aid, but to push me down a little further. I was called to account for things I never did—held accountable for vile crimes I had never committed. But I cared very little for these things—I was at war with the world, and openly defied it.

"Then one day a scrap of paper blew into my face. A laborer had removed a bit of old newspaper from his lunch. One line on it caught my glance: '*I am the master of my fate.*' . . . And it stayed with me; it would not leave me. It dogged my steps through the day, and haunted my pillow by night.

"'Am I to be forever a slave,' I at last demanded of my own soul, 'led about by the galling chains of heredity? Is there indeed no hope for me? Must I be forever dominated by the "vice that crawls the length of an ancestral tree?"'

"One night I got up and looked at myself in a mirror. I had a level, fearless eye, and mouth and chin were strong and firm. I was no fool, no weak puppet!

"Thereupon light broke in upon my darkened soul. . . . I flung up my arms.

"'My will,' I cried to the man in the mirror, 'my will is greater than heredity or environment or any of the things before which I have cringed. *I will to be a man!*'

"Then I became a man. It was a long, hard fight, but I won at last. And it was worth the battle."

The man on the altar-stairs looked up with kindling eyes.

"Ah, Father, if I dared *hope!* It is this fearful, crushing knowledge of all that lies behind me——"

The priest brought down one emphatic hand upon the other.

"Throw it off, lad!" he commanded imperiously. "Never enter the future at a back door of the past. Shut the gates firmly behind you. Go out with a light heart into the fair world of God. Great things await you. Believe that they will come. And *go toward them.*"

The boy caught the priest's hands gratefully. "Oh, I will! I *will!*" he cried. "Already Peace has descended upon me. Teach me your secret of content, Father."

Father Abercrombie pointed to the Christ in the shadows.

"Belief in *Him*—and in myself. What more can I need? This is sufficient for earth and Heaven."

He lifted his face, and the eyes of the Sufferer looked benignly into his. Such a flood of light came over his countenance that the young man quailed. He shuddered and trembled, and something strange awoke in him. Memory flashed ruddy canvases before him.

"*Father!*" he cried—and this time the title went not to the priest, but to the *man*.

The Life Triumphant

JOSEPHINE MORRIS ROWAN.

*In childhood's hour we press and push to get
The little place of vantage near,
A peephole in the wall, perhaps, to fret
The little players in the rear,
Who play at ball against a broken net.*

*E'en then we know, in our own childish way,
How timid grow the little hands
If we keep shouting, teasing, while they play;
Disturbed our own best playmate stands,
And promises for all the live long day*

*To give us what we want among his toys,
And soon, all smiles and laughter, we
Are merriest and jolliest of boys,
For we have gained supremacy.
Yet, somehow, we find soon this new joy cloy.*

*But as the years increase we learn to know
That he who yields, oft victor is,
More than he, laurel-crowned, with eyes aglow.
The tribute of the Soul is his—
The Life Triumphant, conquering Self, the Foe!*



Personal Problems

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

"I have been a student of NEW THOUGHT for some time, and have advanced to a certain extent, but not near as much as I should like. I should like to get some suggestions through the Personal Problems department of your magazine.

I am of a modest and retiring nature, and have inherited a spirit of independence and diffidence; when amongst people I have a feeling of having an inferior personality as a rule, except when with close acquaintances. Being exceedingly sensitive, I can feel keenly what people think of me.

I have exceptional ability when it comes to doing my work, and I feel that some people regard me as having the 'swell head,' but this is decidedly not the case. When I am alone I can get into a positive state of mind and think and feel myself as being a great person; this I do every night before going to sleep, but during the day I get back into the rut as it seems, though I try very hard to stay out; it seems that I am entirely different from other people, and I want to get into the current of things.

Often I get the right feeling during the day; but why is it that I can not stay in the desired state? Sometimes I meet people that I like exceedingly well; but too often this is not the case. I try to like people who do not strike my fancy, but I feel out of place, and that I lack something.

Why is it that I can not get into a deep feeling of positiveness at will? I would thank you very much for any assistance.

I have great ambitions, and feel quite confident that I will be very successful, but it seems that I advance so slowly.

If I could overcome the feeling of what people think about me, and could get down and concentrate on my studies I would advance faster, but this appears almost impossible."

To create self-confidence it is not necessary to think of one's self as "a great person"—indeed that is more apt to engender the extreme self-consciousness which, rather than diffidence, is the real cause of embarrassment. It is better to look at one's self with impartial eyes, and get an accurate conception of one's present value to the Universe. We are none of us vastly important—though no one is *more* important than we! Many people in striving to put into practice the assertive creed of New Thought, do not make the distinction between what they ARE and what they CAN BE. It is never wise for us to magnify our present attainments as an incentive to future achievement; true inspiration comes not from such a source, but from the realization that there exists in us *for our development*, the germ of every greatness and the seed of transcendent power; that the only limit to what we *may be* is what we *will*.

In your case I should say the best thing to do was to stop concentrating on yourself, which is the method you have been pursuing in your endeavor to acquire a more positive personality, and to concentrate rather on the things you are seeking to do.

Get over the idea that you have "inherited a spirit of independence and diffidence." You haven't. You may, and no doubt have, cultivated a spirit of one or the other—but even then not of both, as these are antagonistic qualities. Your main trouble is thinking too much about yourself. See if for four weeks you can keep your mind off yourself altogether. Stop your night affirmations, your attempts at "positiveness," and forget yourself for a time. Just that. When your mind wanders back, as it undoubtedly will, to dwell upon the impression you may be making upon Mr. Jones, or the opinion he may have of you, *shoo it away* at once. Set it to thinking of Mr. Jones himself; not of his relation to you, but just of him as a man, an individual, a bit of human machinery and power. Think of your work, its possibilities and the

avenues of advancement it opens up; think of *anything* but yourself. By the end of four weeks, you will no longer be blushing in company, shrinking from sensitiveness, or smarting under a supposed imputation of inferiority, because you will have ceased to look upon the trivial impression one personality creates as of any importance; and, as a result, for the first time your real self will begin to show forth to the people about you. Hitherto you have shielded it from view by the persistent thought you interpose of what you feared they might think you to be.

About liking people. Give up *trying* to like them. Form the habit of looking in each person for the one trait most likable, then associate that trait in your mind with the personality—and let it go at that. But don't try to force a liking for anybody. If people are congenial to you, liking will come of itself. If they aren't, no amount of forcing will produce the desired result.

You'll be all right. You have simply been making the common mistake of attempting to cure an undesirable self-consciousness by constant self-inspection and self-exhortation. That simply aggravates the ailment. Try my prescription. Take your mind entirely off yourself for one month; and at the end of that time I venture you will have forgotten that you ever had a problem of this nature to meet.

"Do you believe there are unlucky people? Of course it is impossible to reason it out logically, yet it would appear so, and it would also appear that I am one of them. Without dwelling on the seeming ill-luck of former years, however, let me state that my husband has been ill for five years. During that time he has been able to work at intervals but always has to give up after a few months' trial. We have used up our savings in travel and doctors' bills, in the hope of curing his trouble. He has been in the South for a year to obtain the benefit from the equable climate, but no cure is effected. In fact from 130 pounds he had when he went there, he is reduced to 112.

I have had heart trouble since I was a young girl and am consequently anemic and easily fatigued. Meantime my mother, now seventy-six years, has become a helpless invalid who requires all my care, and I have two children. In this position it seems almost impossible for me to become a wage-earner in even a slight degree. Several projects have presented themselves to me but they all require capital and more time than is at my disposal. I have tried to be a New Thinker and keep up my courage, but this deadly fatigue saps all energy. I wish to do something to help in the support of the family—can you help me to think of some way out of it? There must be a way if one only could find it. More than all I would like to keep my nerve and faith, but I feel it slipping away from me until, to myself, I am a coward. Don't let me be that."

No, I do not believe there are "unlucky" people. I believe there are *unfortunate* people, but that there is a tangible cause back of every condition. I have had, like everybody else, plenty of what is called "bad luck" in my life, but I can always find its source in my own mistakes.

I sympathize with you in the problem you have to face. It is hard, yet I believe it can be solved. First, there is the matter of your husband's health. You do not say what is the nature of his illness, but from the reference to climate, no doubt he has been told he has tuberculosis. *He can get well. I know* he can. Take to yourself the responsibility of creating a new body for him. You've got to build it just as a bricklayer lays a wall, gathering together the materials needed and putting them together painstakingly and with steady labor. You know what goes to make healthy tissue—then help him to the materials which shall make it for him. If he has lost in weight from 130 to 112 pounds, he is not getting what bodies are built of. Think this over. If you make your husband well—and you can, I feel confident—your entire problem is solved, for no longer will you need to think of acting as breadwinner for the family.

You say you have "heart-trouble" and are "consequently anemic." I

wonder if that shouldn't read that you are anemic and consequently have what is called "heart-trouble?" When one part of a machine is out of order, the other parts hitch and balk. Half the heart-trouble we hear of is merely a functional disturbance, and can be made to disappear entirely as healthy conditions are substituted for weak nerves and depleted blood. If a wood and plaster house sprang a leak, you would not think you would have to continue living in it without immediate repair; when the flesh and blood house you live in gets out of condition, it needs just as prompt attention.

Now, I know whereof I speak, for I, too, used to have "heart-trouble." Yes, indeed, with frightful spasms of pain, and all the symptoms which incline us to go gingerly about lest the suspected organ stop its functioning altogether. But in spite of these excruciating attacks, and all the other symptoms which seemed to spell danger, *there wasn't anything the matter with my heart at all* but living in a body very much abused. I learned that in time, and now I could dance all night if I chose. I run up stairs, lift heavy weights, and do all the things I once thought fatal—because now I've built a very sound, substantial home for my heart and for all my other organs. Oh, yes, indeed, I had heart trouble and tuberculosis and heaven knows what else besides! And was a frail, delicate, given-up-for-good sort of being. And now I weigh 130 pounds, can breathe to the very bottom of two sound, healthy lungs, have a heart which never obtrudes the fact of its existence, can walk or run or dance or do whatever I choose, sleep like a top, work like a Trojan (all day and all night without a pause, if I am foolish enough to think it necessary), enjoy every minute of every day and never wink an eyelash at any amount of work that can be piled up before me. If I—then is it not at least *possible* that the same rehabilitation may be open to you? At any rate, I'd find out.

With two children and your invalid mother to care for, the possibility of your being able to leave the home as a "wage-earner" looks very faint. It would seem to me that the taking of roomers would be the form of occupation most suited to your situation. You would not need to leave your own roof, and could fit the new work in with your present duties. Further, it would probably bring you more clear profit than any other form of industry possible to your already mortgaged time.

Indeed, you'll never be a coward. You are tired now—that's all; and it's hard sometimes to tell the difference between being tired and being discouraged. But you're not discouraged. Your "deadly fatigue" is the cry of a body which needs to be considered—and such cries often sound like despair. But when you look in your soul, you will find there still the certain assurance of your power to conquer. Don't admit to yourself for one moment that there is any physical condition of either yourself or your husband which cannot be overcome. But make the attainment of health your absorbing object. For here is the crumbling key-stone which caused your house to totter. Build health, and the rest will follow. And you CAN build health. I know, for I had only broken bricks to build with, yet the completed structure came out from under my hands sound and sure.

"O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear."—Emerson.

Seeing Things Awry*

BY HERWARD CARRINGTON.

A Query: If eminence in the scientific world is not conducive to success in psychical research, what qualities can playwriting or musical criticism impart that would make a man more capable of posing as an authority upon such questions?

There is all the difference in the world between legitimate skepticism and that form of intolerance which can only be described as bigotry. While the former of these two positions is certainly justified in investigations such as this, where fraud and superstition frequently play havoc with the minds of too credulous investigators, the latter position is certainly unjustifiable in view of the enormous amount of evidence which has been accumulated by the English and American Societies for Psychical Research and, lately, by French and Italian scientists operating with Eusapia Palladino.

To the recent numbers of a popular magazine, Mr. Rupert Hughes, a musical critic and playwright, has contributed a series of articles entitled, "Seeing Things," which is so dogmatic in tone, so flippant, so prejudiced, and so clearly displays the intolerant and bigoted attitude of the author, that they would scarcely be worth a reply at this stage of the investigation were it not for the fact that the time has now come to show the adversaries of psychic research that some of its investigators can hit just as hard and just as confidently as its opponents. Were Mr. Hughes's articles characterized by that sane tone and form of criticism that usually indicates the work of the scientific mind, there would be little need to answer him, since in research of this character we must always expect criticism from various sources—but not, I think, criticism of the sort in which this writer indulges. One or two quotations from his writings will make clear the attitude of the man who feels himself competent, without investigation, and, evidently, with no special knowledge of the subject, to throw down the gauntlet to such men as Lodge, Crookes, Flammarion, Richet, Lombroso, Morselli, Bozanno, and a host of others of equal prominence.

"Scientists are human and do foolish things," he says, "just as business men and housekeepers are fallible and commit charities and luxuries outside of office hours. But these are their relaxations.

"The whole fabric of occultism is based on the careless, slipshod, emotional, drunken, logic-be-hanged, poetry-be-crowned frame of mind of a business man on a spree, or a housewife in hysterics. It may be very human, very picturesque, very excusable, but it is not business, not domestic economy, not science.

"One of the most famous personages in Europe to-day is an elderly

*The title of Mr. Hughes's articles—"Seeing Things"—seems to warrant this title.—H. C.

and illiterate Italian peasant woman named Eusapia Palladino. In this country she would normally be selling peanuts on a corner or trudging alongside her husband's street piano with a monkey for a companion. In Europe she is selling miracles by the quart, and she is making monkeys of certain well-known scientists.

"Many of these gentlemen have attained prominence by the strictness of their methods in the laboratory or the observatory, yet they sit for hours, days, months, blinking like apes in the dark, yielding their intelligences and the standards of every-day suspicion to the demands of this wily woman, scratching their heads over her mummery, enduring her bad temper and her familiarities, hailing as inexplicable miracles the cheap tricks that other mediums have played for years, and treating as a goddess an ignoramus who has been often exposed as a fraud and who has never accomplished anything of any practical importance in her whole career."

It seems incredible that any first-class magazine should publish a tirade of this character, especially as it is not only wholly without foundation, but is actually entirely contrary to every fact in the case. The men investigating Eusapia have not, in their work, sacrificed any of the standards of evidence, but have throughout insisted upon exact scientific methods being employed. In other words, they have preserved the same calm, critical spirit that they would show were they experimenting in chemistry, in biology, or in any other problem of positive science. The tone of Mr. Hughes's criticism brands him as a man who is at once dogmatic, supercilious, ignorant of the evidence, and, to put it in not too plain English, we are forced to conclude that such an oracle has not spoken since the days of Balaam.

Preliminary to the investigation of the facts, Mr. Hughes requires to be assured of the good standing of Eusapia, both as to her personal character and the facts secured through her mediumship. It would appear to any one who thought at all, that these facts could only be ascertained by continued experiment, but it is to these experiments that Mr. Hughes objects. That is, he desires evidence, while denying his opponents the right to obtain it. This, be it observed, is from the man who prides himself upon his logic. As to the first of his objections, it may be said that, for science, it makes not one particle of difference what the previous character of the medium may have been. In all the investigations conducted by the Italian scientists and, I may add, by almost all others, it has invariably been assumed that Eusapia was fraudulent, and the reports are shaped in such a way that nothing depends upon the veracity of the medium, but everything upon the conditions of the experiment. There is a tendency in certain persons' minds to put credence only in evidence coming through sources of great respectability and social standing. This, however, is a totally mistaken standard. It should make no difference to the scientifically minded person what the source of the facts may be so long as the facts themselves are genuine. In one

typical case known to me, a lady who was to have a sitting with a certain trance medium objected, and afterwards largely discounted the evidence, I am sure, because of the fact that the medium showed traces of not having performed her daily ablutions with regularity. Doctor Hyslop, in discussing this case afterwards with me, laughed about it, and said, "It wouldn't make any difference to me if she never washed at all. What I want is *facts*." Certainly this attitude of mind is one that should be more cultivated by our European colleagues, as well as by our American critics.

Since Mr. Hughes has taken to criticising so fully the work of others in this field, perhaps we might make bold to call upon him to give us his own standard of evidence, and tell us how he would like the facts settled. Perhaps he is better able to judge of the methods and conditions of a scientific experiment than are the scientists who are making them continuously, and who might *a priori* be supposed to know something about it. This brings us to the very natural question: who is Mr. Rupert Hughes, and why does he write upon psychical research problems at all? Has he been associated in the past with work of this character—a close student of the reports that have been rendered by the English and American societies? Has he ever done any original investigating? Has he any new facts or theories to offer? We must reply "no" to all these questions! As one intimately associated with the work of the American society, I must admit that I never heard of Mr. Hughes's interest in this subject until these articles appeared, nor is his name to be found in the list of members of either the English or the American society. We look in vain through his wild criticisms, for references to reputable authorities and for first-hand knowledge of any of the phenomena about which he speaks. Were we to judge from the articles, we should certainly be forced to the conclusion that a perusal of the last few issues of the *Annals of Psychical Science*, and perhaps one or two books recently published upon this subject, comprises Mr. Hughes's total knowledge of the question about which he talks so freely. As a matter of fact, the time has long passed when any such tirade as that which Mr. Hughes offers has any influence upon the psychical researcher on the one hand, or the sane-minded critic, or skeptic, on the other. Both recognize the ignorance that has been written into these "criticisms"—the ignorance that endeavors to bolster up its views with dogmatic assertions and attempted scientific argument, but which in reality displays nothing more than a high degree of mental bankruptcy.

Does Mr. Hughes assume that he is sufficiently acquainted with the laws of this universe to say exactly what is possible and what is not? Of course, if he thinks that he is entitled to make this claim, nothing more can be said, but if he does not think so—and we hope, for his sake, that he doesn't—we may assume that there are certain laws and forces of nature unknown to even so omniscient a critic as himself. And if such laws can only be discovered in the seance room, how else would Mr.

Hughes test their verity than by experimenting? Probably Mr. Hughes would claim that it is quite justifiable to experiment if the proper conditions were insisted upon, but by proper conditions he means his own conditions, quite regardless whether other investigators have found them the best or not. He lays down certain rules that must be followed before any reliance can be placed upon results.

It has been asserted that the crucial test of every great mind is modesty and freedom from dogmatism. Certainly Mr. Hughes cannot be accused of a superabundance of either of these qualities. It is all very well to have a clear and forceful style, but it is a totally different thing to disregard evidence entirely when treating of scientific facts. It seems to me that Mr. Hughes does this. He has a theory and he is bound to make all the facts conform to it, regardless of the consequences. I make these remarks with more gusto for the reason that I myself have been accused of intolerance and rather unnecessary skepticism when dealing with the physical phenomena of spiritualism. Only when I read an article such as this by Mr. Hughes, do I find how much sympathy I have for the subject.

In conclusion, I wish to emphasize one most important point which is overlooked, not only by Mr. Hughes, but by critics who display far less animus, and, sometimes by scientists themselves. To the public mind "science" means a collection of facts, and explanations of such facts. In reality, "science" means nothing of the kind. It means the method of approach by which certain facts are investigated. The body of facts that science investigates, and their interpretations, are always changing. The method of science—never. Cool, critical investigation, accepting nothing without proof—that is the method of science, and it may be said that this is the method with which the investigators working with Eusapia have approached these problems. Any one who denies this is simply ignorant of the facts.

If You Would Succeed

FANNIE HERRON WINGATE.

*Don't say "I can't," but say "I will," if you would reach the goal;
 Don't even say "I think I can"—"I hope"—for Fate will dole
 Her favors out most grudgingly to one who weakness shows;
 To him who can be veered about by every wind that blows.
 Just set your teeth together hard and say "I'll do or die!"
 Then stand your ground and trust—aye! trust; but don't forget to TRY.
 For if you keep on hustling, you will surely turn the tide,
 And you will find the powers for good all working on your side.*

The Coming of Spring

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.



Between midnight and dawn wet clinging flakes of snow had fallen upon the sleeping earth and the leafless trees. Every spreading bough and leaning branch, every intricacy of twig, was clad with radiance. The belated snow had spread its white mantle over the virginal green of the parks and lawns and the myriad buds swelling to leaf-break. With the advance of day came the soft sighing of a wind out of the south. The snow changed to rain. At noon the wind veered. A polar breath once more

came over the tempestuous lake, the rain froze on every bough, on every branch. The world had become cased in crystalline, exquisite in radiant beauty. Snow and sleet, rain and flood, the dull grayness, the mist and the cold north winds frequently succeed the bright warm days that remind us of spring. March, by the lakes of the north, is not a month of gladness. The snow and sleet of winter slowly and sullenly recede.

Nature had looked northward again and there was a first movement of the new life approaching from the sunways of the south. In the woods and uplands and along the north shore bluffs there was a continual rumor. It was the sound of coming spring. In the throbbing earth we heard a voice like the mysterious voice in the hollow curves of a shell—evasive, yet ever present, a continual rhythm. We listened to the entrancing call and yielded to the spell. It was a summons to the south, where the world had become a green place and the quickened sunlight a glad-some reality.

One evening we took an outgoing train from Chicago, destined to Lookout Mountain. We were going to meet the approaching spring. We would wander through primitive forests where the fragrant breath of the south had awakened creative life and stirred music in the hearts of all the clans of song.

Coming days brought the warm sunshine. The forest was alive in its divine youth. On the green boughs the birds swayed in song. The air was tremulous with the whir of many wings. Robins called through the deep shadows of waving foliage. Squirrels swung from branch to branch. Rabbits darted to and fro like little brown beams. Everywhere was fragrance, exquisite beauty and life. The spirit of the spring had passed through secluded valleys and over bare pastures and left a sheen of gold. Its creative breath had touched the boughs of the orchards and the waiting buds had burst into white foam of blossoms. It had gone up the highways along the green banks of mountain brooks, caressing hidden clefts where the trailing arbutus bloomed.

Spring weaves grass and plants and greenness of trees out of the earth and the rain, out of the sunshine and wind; it spins flowers out of the dew and moonlight and tints them with the rose and saffron of dawns and sunsets. It renews strength in the hearts of men, and breathes beauty on the faces of women and children. It is the god of happiness, of youth, of joy.

One morning we arose at dawn and went out to the edge of the mountain where we could look down upon the green glens and watch the curve and sweep of the distant river flowing through the wide straths and lowlands on its way to the devouring tide and the overrunning wave. White, wavering veils of delicate mist hung low along the grassy banks of the river and wreathed the breasts of silent and remote hills. One by one in the infinite spaces the stars faded from view. Only the morning star remained to blend with the dawn's golden light, to glitter a few moments in its eternal depths, then pass away. Night receded before the slow dawning of day, and gray shadows vanished with the dissolving mist. Bending over all was the cloudless heaven with its infinite blue expanse, unfettered and unconfined. Wild, free brooks were rushing down the mountain side. In a deep ravine just beneath us were great tangled woods, where giant trees swayed their strong branches to embrace the morning breeze. In the distant valley we could see the gray roofs of the cottages and fragrant orchards white with bloom, where uncaged birds were pouring out their gladness in untaught song. The rising sun spread softness and a veil of happiness over all things. Its gentle warmth mingled with the foggy greenness of the hillsides and quivered merrily through the damp sweetness of the trees. Light and fragrance and gentle noises hurried to and fro. The misty blue of the earth's colors flashed into new beauties, the young green of all the hills spread and grew and turned into a shining strength of completed coloring. The sun gave the signal of new joy to the world.

Another bright morning we rode along the old white road, through mysterious alleys of columnar green pines, by great rounded boulders tufted with green moss, on our way to Lulah Falls, where a turbulent stream rushes through the heart of a dream-world forest, filling the solitude with confused rumors and ceaseless murmurings. Here were dusky, ancient woods undisturbed by human hands; solitary passes, where even the summer sunshine has hardly come ere it is gone. White clouds trailed purple shadows across the slopes; the wind moved with the wings of a dove, shaking dew from the shadowed grass with its passing breath. The day was full of myriad beauty, of sound and fragrance. Our wandering memories and thoughts were lost in dreams. We descended the steep ravine below the falls where we could see the wild leap and foaming collapse of the rushing waters. The rock-rooted bracken shook with the ceaseless spray. Our thoughts built strange phantoms from the rainbow-tinted mist. Nature has subtly and diversely hidden the secret of rhythm in the lichen of the rock; in the frost flower that a sunbeam breathes away; in a falling snowflake that the wind dissolves.

We were late returning to Lookout Inn. While riding along the old mountain road the glory of the sun departed. There was a gradual recession of the day-glow from luminous skies, and a slow gathering of deepening shadow into the gloaming. In the trackless forest at the coming of dusk one may hear the breathing of the miraculous presence. In the dew-moist air the myriad whisperings become a monotone. We looked up into the darkness and beheld the glittering jewels which crowned the brow of night. Our minds were haunted with a sense of incalculable distances, of immeasurable periods, of unknown destinies. We doubted whether the revelations of science concerning the laws that govern the coming and going in infinitude of these whirling worlds, be not a terrible illusory logic. We were as children, looking up trustfully yet fearfully to the mysterious mother-eyes of a Face we could not rightly discern.

Whatever the doom or destiny that awaits us—whether the earth that bears us will fly forever unobstructed, or hurl itself against some flaming star or unseen floating world, this much is sure, we are rushing through space beyond all conceivable speed. There is a force extending billions of miles in every direction, invisible, intangible, a mysterious current in the ether in whose inconceivable grasp are caught up our sun and solar system and many other suns and systems. Not only the rivers and the winds, not only sound, electricity, light, and thought, but the earth and all the worlds and moons and stars are darting through space toward destinations unknown.

Light and wind and the running waters, the tides of life and the tameless seas, are all subject to the ineffable rhythmic law. Flow and ebb, ebb and flow—the unchanging rhythm which lifts and lowers the poles of our sun-wheeling world, which compels the loose, blind and insensate waters of surging seas to arise and follow the mysterious bidding of the pale circling moon, which flings new stars into the skies and hurls ancient stars away—the tides of the world, the tides of unresting seas—the gray sap, the red blood, birth and death, the noons and midnights of the mind of man—one and all move inevitably, and in one way; in one way come and go.

There are desires that do not die with nations, there are longings that live through the ages. From the altars of the bowed spirit we still whisper our yearnings as a prayer to the veiled Mystery. The instinct of beauty and goodness, the aspiration for something higher and better, the ceaseless yearning for truth and perfection of being, are as inevitable as hunger and thirst, as deep as love, as deep as the desire of life.

We have a sense of gratitude for the rich legacy of beauty that has been left us in nature and the art of the world; gratitude for the conditions which make it possible for us to contact that beauty; gratitude for the ability to appreciate that beauty when we do contact it. We have gratitude for life itself, with its hope-lit eyes, its dauntless courage, its fresh enthusiasm, and its free upward march toward the unknown and unattained.

Re-Incarnation and Physiognomy

BY L. M. HUGHES.

Article XI. On the Coloring.

With a few general remarks regarding the coloring and texture of the complexion, in relation to character,—or, more correctly, to temperament,—my series of little articles must come to a close. I must own to a feeling of regret that this should be the case, for they have brought me in touch with many interesting, charming, and amusing correspondents, some of whom have given me hard nuts to crack; others much kindly encouragement; and all, without exception, have evidenced a lively interest in my subject.

That is just what I hoped to achieve. I have not laid down any of my own deductions as hard and fast rules, being myself still a student, and open to correction. But I am so convinced of the importance of studying characters in faces, and thereby opening up another line of communication between soul and soul, that no letters in my daily mail have pleased me more than those,—and they have been very numerous,—whose writers have expressed their intention of following up the hints I have thrown out.

When all is said and done, this old world of ours is a sadly lonely place, where, as the old song has it,

“After childhood’s winning ways,
After care, and blame, and praise,
Counsel asked and wisdom given,
After mutual prayers to heaven,
Child and parent scarce regret,
When they part as
Strangers yet!

“After years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in far lands,
After touch of wedded hands,
Are the bonds Eternal set,
To retain us
Strangers yet?”

I hope I am quoting correctly, for it is many years since I heard the song, though it left a lasting impression on my mind, as the bitter cry of a woman whose life had been wrecked, and her heart broken, by the misunderstanding of the one who ought to have known her best.

Even the most charitable of us are apt at times to misconstrue motives, to pass hasty judgments, to hurt and maim the souls of those with whom we come in contact, simply because we do not understand their

characters. We do not notice the sensitive mouth and quivering lips that should warn us of sensitive feelings and deep emotions, causing us to deal gently and tenderly with their possessor, and to hold back caustic or sarcastic remarks. We mistake the courage shown by a firm, rounded chin and square jaws, for lack of feeling, because its owner is too brave to show his wound and to trouble others with his own grief. We condemn the man whose animal instincts are strong, for yielding to temptations which are not temptations to *us*, either because we conquered them in a former life, or because we have yet to develop and overcome them in a future one.

In the case of children, it is of vital importance that their elders should obtain a clear insight into their characters, and yet how few parents take the trouble to do so systematically and in earnest? In most cases they are content merely to punish them when they are "naughty," and leave them alone when "good," setting up one standard of "right" and "wrong," for the whole family, regardless of the fact that "goodness" and "badness" are relative terms. They do not realize, for instance, that a sensitive, highly nervous child, is more likely to be untruthful, through fear, than his hardier, courageous brother; or that the hot-blooded, red-haired boy has greater excuse for his sudden outbursts of passion, than his flaxen haired, phlegmatic sister. As a rule all children are equally punished for similar misdeeds, instead of having allowances made for their differences of temperament, being quietly reasoned with on the subject and shown the fineness of self-conquest.

And for ourselves,—children of a larger growth,—is there one among us who has not writhed under the injustice of a friend's undeserved censure? A lover's misunderstanding of our heart's best and most sacred feelings? A parent's misreading of our motives?

Yes, for most of us it is a desperately lonely world, in which "Not e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own, knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

And that is why it seems to me that any line of thought or investigation which may help us to a clearer comprehension of our fellow creatures, of the little spark of Divinity in each one, that is struggling towards the light; of the aching hearts that sometimes break for lack of a kindly hand stretched out in the darkness—is well worthy of our pursuit.

And now, with regard to our skins and coloring.

Doctors, I believe, divide us temperamentally into four distinct classes: 1. The sanguine. 2. The phlegmatic. 3. The choleric. 4. The melancholic. And although these four types are sub-divisible into many variations, they will be sufficient for my purpose, in a short article such as I am writing, which is intended as a mere sketch to be filled in and elaborated by any who may be sufficiently interested.

A sanguine temperament usually belongs to the person with light hair and a good deal of coloring in the cheeks. Such people are cheer-

ful, lively, fond of amusement, hopeful, and, if the texture of the skin is very smooth and fine, may be sometimes described as "irrepressible." Nothing seems to daunt them, no obstacle can stand in their way for long. If the skin is thick and coarse, they are not sensitive, are rarely conscious of being slighted, and never on the lookout for snubs or causes of offense. In fact, it is difficult for them to realize that they can possibly be in the way or unwelcome in whatever society they may happen to be thrown. They often enjoy a good measure of popularity, and are very good company.

On the other hand, red cheeks, combined with dark hair and eyes, give a more fitful character, with alternations of extremely high spirits and deep depression, especially if the skin is fine and soft. Coarser skin, with this coloring, gives some indifference to the feelings and wishes of others, and a determination to succeed, even at the expense of others. The innate hopefulness of such natures appears to tend to longevity, for among the very aged people I have met and observed, high coloring has distinctly predominated.

People with colorless faces, thick skins and hair inclined to light,—though not necessarily yellow,—are generally more phlegmatic. They take life easily, adapting themselves to circumstances. They are not very active, are more or less self-indulgent, and have a strong belief in the theory of "waiting for something to turn up!" They will, by instinct, choose the most comfortable chair in a room, and follow the course of action involving the least amount of trouble and exertion. They are inclined to grow stout, and to have cold, damp hands. They are seldom "keen" about anything, and are incapable of violent or deep emotions. If the hair is curly, more activity is observable, and often a liking for outdoor amusements and sports. They have a good deal of plain, practical, common sense, but are rarely of an intellectual type. They prefer light reading and amusing books, to any more abstruse or brain-stirring matter, are good-natured and easy to live with, but quite without magnetism. Should the skin be fine and clear, the above characteristics are much modified; there is more refinement and unselfishness.

The choleric person,—according to *my* observations,—has usually a bright color, and either very dark or red hair. He is quick-tempered, extremely active, full of energy, and has very deep feelings. Here, again, I believe, the coarse skin gives violent animal instincts and lack of refinement, while a fine skin indicates a power of passionate attachment and unselfish devotion. As I said in a former article, I have noticed that red hair, with dark eyebrows and lashes, shows a finer character than if these latter are very light,—almost white,—as is often the case with red-haired subjects.

The melancholy person is most often distinguished by a smooth, rather sallow skin and very dark hair. This combination is specially noticeable among the American Indians,—an impassive, melancholy race,—but it is common among people of all nations. The hair is usually very straight,

and the face long. Many of the world's most celebrated poets and musicians belong to this class, which is inclined to be sad, and to take a serious view of life. Here, I think that a coarse skin gives more cheerfulness and hope than a fine one. Such people are generally introspective, restless, and laboring under a continual conviction that they are not being fairly dealt with. Also, they are nearly always talented, and intellectual.

I beg to say that the above notes have been made entirely from my own observations, and are not based on anyone else's opinions, whether medical or otherwise. Therefore, if my deductions are incorrect, there is no one to blame but myself. I hope I have said enough to show that every detail in a face must be considered, and all the features balanced against one another, before we can begin to express an opinion as to the character of the person whom we are studying.

(The End.)

Up-to-Date Conceptions of Science

Article VIII. Life and Mind in the Ether.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.



Science now holds that in the Ether is to be found the explanation and foundation of Matter. It also holds that in the Ether must inhere the basis of all that we call Force and Energy. And some of the more daring scientific thinkers have ventured the idea that in the Ether must be the explanation and basis of all that we know as Life, Mind and Consciousness. This last conception has been struggling for birth in the scientific mind for the past twenty years, and every advance in science tends toward its

realization. As the Prime Minister of England said several years ago in addressing the Royal Society: "My friend Lord Kelvin has often talked to me of the future of Science. He has told me that to the man of Science of today it appears as if we were trembling on the brink of some great scientific discovery which should give us a new view of the forces of Nature among which and in the midst of which we move." And all scientific thought has since moved steadily forward toward some unknown point where Life, Mind, Energy, and Matter will be seen to be One—in the final analysis. And the best scientific thinkers hold that that point will be found in that which men call the Universal Ether.

To those who think that these statements are mere dreams of the mystics, we suggest the consideration of the following expressions of opinion from scientists of international reputation:

Edward Drinker Cope said: "The basis of Life and Consciousness

lies back of the atoms, and may be found in the Universal Ether." Dolbear says: "Possibly the Ether may be the medium through which mind and matter react." Hemstreet says: "Mind in the Ether is no more unnatural than mind in flesh and blood." Stockwell says: "The Ether is coming to be apprehended as an immaterial, superphysical substance, filling all space, carrying in its infinite throbbing bosom the specks of aggregated dynamic force called worlds. It embodies the ultimate spiritual principle, and represents the unity of those forces and energies from which spring, as their source, all phenomena, physical, mental and spiritual, as they are known to man." Dolbear in his great work on the Ether, says of it: "Besides the function of energy and motion, the Ether has other inherent properties, out of which could emerge, under proper circumstances, other phenomena, such as life or mind or whatever may be in the substratum." He also says: "The Ether—the properties of which we vainly strive to interpret in the terms of matter, the undiscovered properties of which ought to warn every one against the danger of strongly asserting what is possible and what is impossible in the nature of things." Stockwell again says: "That the Ether is not matter in any of its forms, practically all scientists are agreed." In this opinion of the non-material nature of the Ether, Dolbear also agrees, saying: "If the Ether that fills all space is not atomic in structure, presents no friction to bodies moving through it, and is not subject to the law of gravitation, it does not seem proper to call it Matter. One might speak of it as a substance if he wants another name for it. As for myself, I make a sharp distinction between the Ether and Matter, and feel somewhat confused to hear one speak of the Ether as Matter."

Flammarion, the eminent French scientist, says: "The universe is a dynamism. Life itself, from the most rudimentary cell up to the most complicated organism, is a special kind of movement, a movement determined and organized by a directing force. Visible matter, which stands to us at the present moment for the universe, and which certain classic doctrines consider the origin of all things—movement, life, thought—is only a word devoid of meaning. The universe is a great organism, controlled by a dynamism of the psychical order. Mind gleams through its every atom. There is mind in everything, not only in human and animal life, but in plants, in minerals, *in space*."

Thus we see that Science no longer considers the Ether as a subtle form of matter, but instead, regards it as the great source and basis of all things, including life and mind. It argues that if there be life and mind in all forms and shapes of material things, even in the atoms and electrons, and if all these things proceed from the Ether, then it follows that in the Ether must be found the elements of all that we call Life and Mind. Thus Science and the occult teachings of the past are seen to be approaching each other rapidly. It is like the story of the builders of the great tunnel under and through the Alps. Starting from opposite sides of the great mountains, they approached each other in every step they made.

After many months they had approached so close to each other that they could hear the noise of each other's picks and drills. Finally there was but a thin partition between them. And at last the blow of some sturdy workman pierced the thin wall and the individuals composing the two opposing corps of workers gazed into each other's faces, and clasped each other's hands through the gap in the wall. And then the last dividing partition was completely leveled, and the two armies of workers mingled with each other—all division was over. So it is between the two armies of thinkers—the occultists and the scientists. Nearer and nearer to each other have they come during the ages, until now each may hear the blows of the other through the thin partition. And soon some daring blow, dealt by the arm of some vigorous worker, will pierce the thin division, and mystic and scientist will gaze into each other's face. Great things are ahead of the thinking race—the advanced workers in each camp recognize the approach of the miracle. The sound of the picks and drills is even now heard in the opposing camps. Whose arm will deal the blow that will pierce the partition—occultist's or scientist's?

In the next month's article, we shall begin the consideration of the existence of life on all planes, and in all forms—mineral, plant and animal.

(To be continued)

The Current Topics Club.

CONDUCTED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

(Devoted to the discussion of matters of general interest and current importance, the events of the times, new ideas in the industrial or economic world, the lives and successes of prominent people, facts about recent inventions, the researches of science, or the achievements of literature and art. Every reader is privileged to send in a question for answer, or his reply to any of the queries which are printed. The Current Topics Club aims to be a coöperative Bureau of Information, and to prove itself of distinct educational value.)

"Dear Miss Wells:

I wonder if you or any of your readers can and will give me any information about some coins that I have—a lot that are out of circulation; among them are a good number of the little silver 3-cent pieces. I have heard that there is a premium on all of them and considerable on some. I have some of the nickel threes, some twos, some flying eagle cents, some half cents, and a large number of old coppers dating from 1800 and some earlier. I have a trade dollar and silver coins from dollars down through half dollars, quarters, dimes and half dimes. I have one or two Jackson cents of different dates, and others. I have not offered them to dealers, for I am told that they expect to get them for a very low price and when they sell to collectors they know how valuable and scarce they have become. Can you tell me if there is any paper issued from or in the interest of collectors? I think that I have heard

of such a thing, but don't know much about it. M. E. H."

There is such a magazine, but I can't recollect the name. I'll ascertain it for you, unless some of our readers, better posted than I, write in first with the information you desire.

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

'Short speech suffices deep thoughts to show,

When you with wisdom say yes or no,' is in the old Jubilee Note Book used in Eastern Iowa at Sabula and Sterling in the 60's. It had much of Wm. B. Bradbury's music in it. I will try to find mine, and send you the name of the publisher—in Chicago, I think.

MRS. M. K."

We'll be very appreciative of the information. I wonder if a letter addressed to Lyon & Healy, music publishers of Chicago, would not bring the information—provided the book is a col-

lection of music, as your letter would seem to imply? I have had another letter from the reader who made the first request, giving a few more lines she has been able to recall, and saying "I sang those words many years ago. The melody suits the words perfectly."

* * *

In NEW THOUGHT some months back appeared a little article, entitled "Out of the Silence," in which the author spoke of certain books having brought her out of a condition of financial luck and ill health. Many have written in, asking the titles, so we wrote Mrs. Ward, and she replies as follows:

"Dear Miss Wells:

Replying to your letter, the book referred to and quoted from in my article, 'Out of the Silence,' is William Walker Atkinson's THOUGHT FORCE. I trust Mr. Atkinson will accept the intended grateful acknowledgment for the help his words were to me. Respectfully,

R. M. WARD."

* * *

"My Dear Miss Wells:

The problem propounded by 'Scrapbook' recently in *The Current Topics*, I understand to be how to paste a clipping in a scrapbook so that both sides can be read?

Simply leave a little margin on one side of the clipping, put paste only on the margin. When you want to read the other side, turn over as you would the leaf of a book.

Index your clipping and the job is done.

J. A. E. T."

* * *

"Miss Wells:

I was much interested in Dr. Landone's article on 'Cosmic Consciousness.' Can you tell me of books on the subject—something that goes more into detail than he does? MRS. D. B."

Dr. Landone says there is nothing more specific at present, but I think we may look for something from his own pen before long.

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

I see in the August number of my little friend NEW THOUGHT, 'Scrapbook' asking for a suggestion in filing clippings. This is my idea. She may find it useful—just a crude sample.

A. C. L."

A. C. L.'s sample is an ingenious way of getting around the difficulty. She clips, with a little margin, the paragraph or article of which she wishes to preserve both sides. Then out of the page on which the clipping is to be pasted, she cuts a square or oblong of paper, lacking just a small margin all around of being the size of the clipping. Brushing the edges of the clip-

ping, on one side, with a very little mucilage or paste, she pastes it over the hole left on the page—and presto! he who runs may read either side of the leaf as he chooses.

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

If any of your readers can give the words of 'The Roman Soldier' and you can find room for it, I would be glad to read it again. It is an old favorite of mine. I think it begins in this way: 'There was a man, a Roman soldier, who for some daring deed that trespassed on the law, was in dungeon low chained down. He had a son, a lovely boy, a faithful copy of his father in face and gesture.' This will give you an idea of it. Oh, after the mention of his being chained in the dungeon, it goes on to say: 'His was a noble spirit, rash but brave, and noble and generous.' This is nearly all that I can recall of it. I have always admired it.

MRS. M. A. P."

Will our readers who are familiar with this selection, tell us where it may be found?—that is, the name of book, publisher, etc. Our space is so limited that to reprint the favorites we would like to, would mean to reduce the space available for the printing of other requests which our readers hope to have answered. So it is better to print the requests and obtain the information as to *where* the desired poems, etc., can be found, is it not?

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

Will you or some one else who may know, tell me of Lorin de Lorme, who used to conduct the 'Lorin de Lorme system' of English or exercises in talking, and who had a studio in Chicago? I would not trouble you, but I have written to the old address twice and have received no answer. N. R."

I do not find this name in our City Directory, and know nothing of the system of which you speak. Perhaps some of our readers may. If so, they will be sure to let us know, after reading your inquiry.

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

Some time ago I wrote you to know the authorship of a sweet little poem entitled *Our Burden Bearer*, and had several answers in *Current Topics Club*, but none of them were *sure*, so I am writing you now, that those who so kindly responded to my question may be *positive*. I wrote to Mrs. Sangster, and herewith is a copy of her letter to me: 'My Dear Friend: *The Burden Bearer* was written years ago by myself. It has been credited to others, and per-

sistently to Bishop Brooks, but it is my little song. Thank you for telling me you like it. Truly yours,

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I enjoy the *Current Topics Club* ever so much. A. A."

This settles the question beyond all peradventure. Thank you.

* * *

"Miss Wells:

How much credence may we put in the present day tenets of Astrology?

I hope to hear from others on this subject.

A year or two ago, to satisfy myself on this matter, I paid the price of readings by a number of prominent (as per advertisements) Astrologers, all of which readings differed widely in the more important particulars as well as the minor ones.

One man's 'life horoscope' was contradictory to his 'yearly horoscope' in important respects.

If we would try to follow the advice of so-called Astrologers and consult them or their charts continually for every move we wish to make or need to make, would we not fail to exercise our God-given individuality and become mere automatons? Would we not become enslaved to the fear of making wrong moves?

For my part, even were the theory of Astrology founded on fact; the dispensers of the same perfectly sincere, and capable of reading the planetary indications with perfect accuracy; I conclude that my *oneness with The Almighty* (which is one of the foundation principles of New Thought) is superior to the laws of Astrology. C. L. C."

Read what Prof. Weltmer says this month in the department devoted to his "*Informal Talks*." Your letter will no doubt start a general discussion.

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

Have met with these two verses, marked as a quotation. Shall be grateful if any of your readers can give me a clue to the rest of the poem, of which I know nothing:

*'And still they go to Babylon,
Their candles 'gainst the sky.
Their eyes upon the little lights,
They pass the great things by.*

*They hurry on to Babylon,
Though very well they know
That at the gates of Babylon
They let the best things go.'*

J. T."

Referred to our readers.

"Dear Miss Wells:

I see in last number of NEW THOUGHT some one is asking for 'Nature and Grace.' They will find it in the 'Truth-seeker' collection of forms, hymns, and recitations printed by D. M. Bennett several years ago, page 524. It is the same as 'Peter McGuire,' by Lizzie Doten. MRS. L. S. F."

Thank you!

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

Just before closing this letter I remembered the help you have given to people in the *minor* as well as the *major* puzzles of life.

Can you tell me the name of a poem more than thirty years old, and also of its author, and where it may be found, the theme of which is something like this: Someone, bemoaning the weight and cruelty of their cross, in journeying along came to a great heap of crosses, and, thinking they could find a more agreeable one to bear, set out to make the exchange. But that proved to be a greater task than expected. Not one seemed to suit. Even those thickly crusted with jewels were too heavy to bear. At last one was found which seemed to be more endurable than any of the others. Upon adoption it proved to be the person's own original cross!

Mrs. W. R. B.

Some one will answer.

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

In the February '*Current Topics Club*,' I see L. E. M. asks for the poem, 'Peter McGuire or Nature and Grace.' It is written by Lizzie Doten and my copy is in a small book called 'Seven Dozen Gems' (and the book is a 'Gem'). It is compiled by J. P. Thorndyke and printed by the Case, Lockwood & Brainard Co., of Hartford, Conn. Hope this may help some. J. T."

More information, and thankfully received.

* * *

"Dear Madam:

Referring to the inquiry of 'F. F.' in *The Current Topics Club* recently, will say that The Scott Stamp and Coin Co., of New York City, will furnish the desired information regarding the old coins mentioned, as they issue a very complete catalogue and do considerable buying in that line. R. K. C."

Much obliged!

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

Dr. H. W. T.'s letter in the February issue seems to be a fair and sane view

of vivisection from the scientific standpoint, except for the little word 'always' which creeps in at frequent intervals—a little word with a large and rather sweeping significance. The experiments 'always' resulting in some addition to our present knowledge,' are, he says, 'always to the distinct financial detriment of the physician.' The scientist gropes for more light 'always with the true altruist's utter disregard for his own existence.' 'His prime interest is *always* in the prevention of disease rather than its cure.' Dr. H. W. T. criticises writers for referring to the opinions of dead men, some of whom have been experimenters themselves. That some noted anti-vivisectionists are dead is unfortunate, for dumb animals need all the protectors they can have in these scientific days: and if these men mended their ways only when too old to enjoy them, it shows that they did not differ in that respect from many others of their sex. But let us examine these statements carefully. Now if 'the secondary object of animal experimentation is purely educational,' in the thousands upon thousands of experiments repeated by students merely to strengthen their so-called educational equipment, do these experiments *always* result in some addition to scientific knowledge? And do they *always* impoverish the physician? How about the Rockefeller experimenters who work on salary with all conveniences provided, and students who repeat the operations in large and small medical colleges all over the country? Do doctors as a rule work to prevent or to cure disease? Probably the only way one can use the word 'always' with impunity is to say there is *always* cruelty in vivisection. To quote from Elbert Hubbard, who was once a medical student, and who was very much alive from last accounts, 'The first move is to tie a stout string around each of the four legs of the hapless animal and stretch him on his back, his legs tied down to convenient rings and a noose placed in his mouth and caught over his upper jaw. Fright often silences the howlings of the poor beast before a single drop of chloroform touches his nose.' Speaking of chloroform, may I call your attention to a report selected from many similar ones in *Archives Generales de Medicine*, by Dr. A. Castax, who may or may not be dead, (but let us hope for the sake of civilization that he is): 'We proceed without anæsthetics. The animal is fastened to the vivisection table. I dislocate successively both her shoulders, doing it with some difficulty. The animal, which appears to suffer much, is kept in a condition of

dislocation for half an hour. It struggles violently in spite of its bonds. The autopsy shows that on the left shoulder there has been a tearing out of the small tuberosity and of all the adjoining skeleton.' If men like this 'represent the flower of our civilization and the essence of the best element of the medical profession,' then the outlook for civilization is a sorry one. Dr. H. W. T. says 'the general conditions of animal experiment can and will be improved.' But how and when, since physicians strenuously oppose legislation? S. D. B."

* * *

"Miss Wells:

The question in a recent NEW THOUGHT: 'Do you believe that idiots should be put to death?' makes an appeal direct to every sensitive mind. The question has come up many times before this, and has found advocates both for and against. A few years ago, I had under my charge in an institution, an idiot boy of ten years. All his limbs were atrophied and he was so completely paralyzed that he could neither walk nor stand, but sat all day in his little chair. He was an affectionate little fellow and was said to be the offspring of a brother and sister. There was no future for him, not the remotest possibility of improvement. Cases of this kind incline one to favor the policy of extermination. Out of every ten pupils in Chicago public schools, six are physical defectives. (*Report of medical inspectors, 1907-8.*) Careful breeders devote time and money to improving our domestic animals. Surely our future men and women are as important as our cattle.

No conscientious man or woman wants children unless they can endow them with a sound mind in a sound body. Great cruelty is done when an incurably diseased child is forced upon the world.

Eugenics, that noblest of sciences, which contemplates that every child shall be well-born and started with an equal chance in life's battle, is engaging the consideration of the minds of our best people, who would eradicate, if they could, all inheritable diseases and defects, as consumption, cancer, syphilis, epilepsy, lunacy, club-foot, hunch back, congenital deafness, criminal tendencies, and that everlasting thirst for alcohol. They would save posterity a vast legacy of hopelessness and misery, and society a heavy burden of expense. *It can be done.*

Two supreme obstacles stand in the way of its accomplishment, namely, pernicious superstition and hypocritical legislation. More anon.

M. B. LAWRENCE, M. D."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

—EDITORS—

S. A. WELTMER.

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

ERNEST WELTMER.

Informal Talks

S. A. WELTMER.

"Is man's life decreed and unchangeable? If not, what about foreknowledge, phrenology, astrology and palmistry?"

This question, according to my viewpoint, asks, "Is man a creature subject to the conditions of his birth, of his temperament, of his environment and of his heredity? Do the birth, heredity and environment of a person fix the events and course of that person's life?"

I will admit that they do with a large percentage of human beings, but because of man's nature, not because of man's choice.

Men who have done great things in the world's work have been investigated, their histories sought out, and some one claiming to know God's purposes more clearly than the rest of us, and perhaps even better than God himself, has told us why these men succeeded; how it was on this or that account—because of the ruling of the planets at the time of their birth, by reason of their ancestry, or on account of their environment. I take the position that man is subject to the things in his environment, only according to his attitude toward them; that to this extent alone is he a creature of circumstance. You remember how Sam Walter Foss describes the philosophy of the old darkey who was caught stealing chickens. His master remonstrated with him, and he owned up to having taken the chickens. "Now, Jim," said his master, "you know it was wrong to steal the chickens." "Yessir, massa, I knows it was wrong, but mah a'nt and mah gran'father and all mah relations done stole chickens, an' how you expeck anyt'ing else ob me?" Then the master accused him of stealing watermelons, and the old darkey said his grandfather and ancestors had stolen watermelons and so, of course, he did. Everything he did he traced to some heredity. Finally the master said, "But, Jim, sometimes you do things that are right. How do you account for that? Did you inherit that, too?" "*No, suh, I jes' work dat out myse'f!*" That's the easy philosophy of more people than would be willing to admit it. But if we're free to work out one phase of our development, we're free to work out all.

I always feel sorry for that person who will let some little thing come into his life, and say, "On this account I am limited." I have seen many a poor soul tremble on account of the fact that father, mother or some relative had died of tuberculosis, thinking, "It has been so decreed; it is fixed; I must pay the penalties of the crimes and weaknesses of preceding generations."

I know an old man, now ninety-two years of age, who was told by his preceptors when he was a young man in college in New York, that he could not live over a year; that he had tuberculosis and had to die. He was just then completing his education as a physician, with high ambitions, elevated hopes. His physicians told him this, and he refused to believe it. He refused to quit work. He appeared each day, as formerly, in the laboratory work, or at discussion, or at lectures. The physicians were so anxious to impress upon him the importance of cessation from

work, after having almost pleaded with him to cease labor, that they looked up his history and found that his parents were tubercular people. They even called one of their predecessors to prove to him that he had weak lungs. But the young man said, "I am not going to lose all this work. I am going to live. I am going to cure this consumption if I have it."

Of the physicians who passed adversely on his case, not one is alive today. But *he* is alive and still practicing, not because of any inherited qualification that existed within him, *but because he determined to live*. He laid hold on life and life came to him because it was in abundance, while death has no active principle of its own. He learned that his master was *within*. Nothing had decreed that he must die.

I remember his repeating to me what a phrenologist had told him. The phrenologist said to him, "You have not enough vitality, not enough stamina, *back here*, to support a body like yours, even if you did not have tuberculosis." And he claimed to find that out through the way his head was shaped! Just think about that! I spent two years in the study of phrenology and lectured on the platform, examining hundreds and hundreds of heads, and I told with great vim and gusto what this person could do and what that person could do. *I found out the person could do what he wanted to do*. His desire to do and his belief in his ability to do, was all that was necessary. If he had brains enough to put on his clothes, he had brains enough to do other things.

Once, a few years ago, a very noted palmist said to me, "Professor, I want to look at your hand." I said, "All right." He told me a good many things. When he got through, he said, "Now, do you want me to tell you what you will do?" "No, you cannot do that." "Just let me tell you a *few* things you will do." "You may tell me, but I *know* what I will do in a certain direction. I am going to do everything I can to discover more truth, to accomplish greater aims than I have heretofore, to extend my usefulness as much as possible." "I see that in your hand." "Is that what you were going to tell me?" "Ye-es, I wanted to tell you that—but you are going to have a whole lot of trouble." "I don't want to hear about that. I don't want to meet that until I come to it. When you look at trouble from long range it gets bigger all the time, but when you bump up against it you can hardly tell it from anything else." "Well," he said, "I see it, anyway." He was back three or four years afterwards, but the trouble had not come, or if it had I had not noticed it. I said to him, "Mr. ———, how about that line now?" "It is not there. You have turned it in some way." "Do you admit that I make the lines in my hands?" "Certainly I do." "Well," I said, "there is something in palmistry, after all!"

That the hand does hold within it in some degree a correct record of what life *has* been, I will admit. But I am a being made in the likeness of infinite law, infinite spirit—am I going to be controlled or influenced by some one saying this is decreed for me, or that is decreed for me?

In the days of Moses it was considered very detrimental for a man to go into a new country and come back with a discouraging report. He was called a false prophet if he prophesied evil for Israel. *Any prophet is a false prophet who predicts disaster for a human soul*. And no human soul has a right to say, "Because this one or that one tells me so, I am doomed to disappointment, doomed to disease, doomed to death."

It was a question—and how it ever came to be decided in the affirmative I do not know—whether the Book of Malachi should be counted among the canonical books of the Scriptures, because it is a whole series

of denunciations and prophecies of evil. But it has one sentence of good in it. After leaving no motive of evil unmentioned of which he could think to accuse the Jews—after all that—he tells them, "*Ye are the sons of Jacob; ye are not consumed.*" The only consoling thought there is in the whole book of Malachi!

That book of Malachi reminds me of one of the late jokes we hear on the vaudeville stage. One man told another of all the mean things he could think of him. Said he was morally mean, personally mean, commercially mean, and then he added that if there was anything else wrong that he had not thought of, he was that, too. The other man was a philosopher. "Well," he said, "outside that, I am all right, ain't I?"

Notwithstanding all the weaknesses that have been ascribed to his nature, notwithstanding man has been taught to say in his prayers and sing in his songs that he is a poor, weak worm of the dust, that he cannot deserve anything in life, that he is nothing, nothing at all—he *is made in the image and likeness of his Creator*. The old idea of grafting good into a human soul when it is half grown, has been lost. Man finds he was *born* that way. He was born a spirit occupying a body.

Since I have been so much before the public, I have had a great deal of experience with astrologists, and I think that no less than fifty of them have written to me to know what day I was born, what hour, whether forenoon or afternoon; some want a little lock of my hair, and some are satisfied with just the color of it; some would like to know the color of my eyes, and if both eyes are the same color; where my parents were born and the day, hour and minute, if possible. I furnish them as much information as I can, and then comes back the horoscope. I wanted to know how these horoscopes were written, and I learned how it was done. It is by a system of tabled rules. Many bases from which the old astrologers made their calculations were wrong, as is proven by our mathematical rules of today. The man who deals in astrology seldom delves deep enough into the science to find out that the most wonderful results of the old astrologers were based on incorrect calculations because of the lack of proper instruments and telescopes.

I notice this, that the horoscope given by each one, based upon the same identical information, is the same identical horoscope. It is just exactly the same as a mathematical problem. The hair, the color of the eyes, the disposition and the temperament of my forefathers and of myself have nothing to do with it. It is just a bunch of figures and calculations. Being a lover of mathematics and having quite a knowledge of how to apply these principles, I think I could learn in about two days how to make a mathematical horoscope.

Some one says, "Don't those stars have influence upon human lives?" Yes, I will say, they do—but *not as stars*.

"Do not those predictions of the fortune teller have an influence upon human life?" Yes, *but not because the fortune teller saw them in the cards, in the hands, in the coffee grounds, or in the stars*, but because he dropped a thought into that person's mind, and what that person BELIEVES is what changes his life. The only influence that produces a change in a human life is what the mind believes.

Many a person today is a failure because some one—not necessarily a palmist, phrenologist or astrologist—has inadvertently told him of some weakness he possesses. I made this statement twelve, thirteen or fourteen years ago, when I had nothing except a few experiences to recount, no observation of hundreds of thousands of people as proof of the state-

ment. And I added, "You can do what I do when you know what I know—and I can teach you what I know." Do you know, I have given profound explanations of metaphysics and psychology that were readily accepted, yet people will resent that simple truthful statement and say, "Oh, no, I might learn something, but I never could learn to do what you have done. Back of you, you have all this and that." And I have had several people tell me that when I am talking as I now am to you, there are two or three spirit friends around me and these help me, but that they haven't these people around them, and so, of course, cannot do as I do.

You have more than that, any day you want to express your real self. *God himself is standing back of you.* He stands back of you with all His power to aid you, and says, "I will help you change the world until you stand where I am Myself." Whenever man says, "I can do a thing" that is worthy, then God says, "Here is all my power to help you, all my wisdom to guide you," and if it should be the ambition of a Hannibal to cross the Alps, of a Cyrus Field to cable the ocean, of a Columbus to discover a world, of an Ames to penetrate the western part of this continent, of a Fulton to navigate the water by steam, God says, "I am here with all My wisdom and power to help you."

The future is the most sacred thing that human life can consider. There is nothing there but God, and the idea of a puny human mind saying it can go over into that future, days and months and years ahead, and tell what fate is in store for you! There will be NOTHING in your future except what you take into it.

"But," you say, "there must be something decreed by this great, unchanging law." Yes, I can tell you one thing that is decreed for you. If you go contrary to God's law, you will suffer injury, either by sickness, moral deprivation or social or financial loss, depending upon what feature of that great law you violate; but if in your movements you follow along the lines of progress of that law, whether with intelligence or by pure accident, your results will be perfect. You do not need even to know whether you are right or wrong. If you do right accidentally, the *result* is just the same; but *you* are not the same when you drift, as when you are intelligently following a course which you know is right.

Man is put here for the purpose of bringing about changes in life, each day a step farther, a step wider, a step upward, that his viewpoint may become broader with each advancing movement. There is no science, no osophy, no ology, no subject for man to study which will make him able to say, "I can tell you what will happen." But tell me what you will *believe* tomorrow and I will tell you what will happen. Tell me what thought is going to be the controlling influence in your life and I can give you with some degree of certainty what your state will be.

The evolution of science, the advancement of human progress and art, prove to us that man's life is neither fixed, decreed nor unchangeable, but that it is constantly going through myriads of changes; and each change that is perceptible, each change and record that is kept has proved to us that man is the architect of his own fortune, the arbiter of his own destiny; that he makes himself what he is and is to be.

MAN'S CHOICE, MAN'S WILL, MAN'S POWER TO BELIEVE AND MAN'S BELIEF, CONSTITUTE THE FORCES THAT RULE MAN'S LIFE.

The Telepathy Department

ERNEST WELTMER, DIRECTOR.



In the following condensed report is given a summary of the results of the five weeks indicated in the heading. Compared with the general run of results from month to month, these are a bit below normal in their indications of success. There are not so many reports which come under the heading "correct," and the "sensitives" are fewer than usual, while the "health reports" are decidedly below par. The last average as a rule about twenty to twenty-five per cent. The highest during these five weeks

was for the first of them, and is only eighteen per cent. This is a decided falling off and is in line with the decline in other lines mentioned.

However, the results are better than we had expected for this period, for the new calendar and instructions have not yet begun to produce results, the old lessons are generally out of use and many of the receivers have not been certain that messages are being sent. There is a general improvement shown in the interest taken in the study of the more serious sides of the Experiment, and I am much encouraged by the fact that the same ones are sending in good reports from week to week.

By the first of May the new calendar and lessons will be in the hands of the receivers and we shall be reaping much better harvests than this report can show.

In making my report I have used the number of the receiver, where it was given on the report card, in preference to the initials, as being a more certain method of identification. I give the name of the state in which each successful receiver resides, not for the purpose of identifying them, but in order that the reader may see that the results are general as to space, and that the telepathic force is not concentrated in one direction. In fact, I believe that it is impossible to concentrate the thought waves so that anyone who is sensitive to them may not receive them, no matter where he may be. I have made many experiments for the purpose of determining if there were any method by which they could be concentrated, and I have never been able to see any indication that such is the case. However, one may make the message so personal that only the one desired will recognize it.

Following the report are a few questions and answers which were found in these report cards, together with their answers. Questions which were not of general interest have been answered by letter. I request that all questions be written on a separate sheet and plainly marked, "Question." This would save a deal of bother and would insure attention to the query.

I should be glad to receive accounts of psychic experiences, especially those which seem to be connected with telepathy, for publication in these pages. These accounts are often exceedingly interesting and instructive. And happenings of this character are much more common than they are generally believed to be.

For this month the report covers only the messages to and including February 11th, but the June department will contain all messages to within ten days of mailing the magazine—that is, including the message of May 6th. (June NEW THOUGHT will be mailed between the 15th and 20th of May.)

MESSAGES AND REPORTS.

(February 11, 18, 26, March 4 and 11.)

February 11th

The message: "PERSISTENT EFFORT
WILL WIN IF DIRECTED ARIGHT."

Results: Two reports approximately correct: A. F. N., Me., "*Success is gained through persistent effort.*" J. V. M., No. 7163, Ill., "*Persistent effort is always crowned with success.*"

Twelve showed sensitiveness; that is, they show by their reports that they received the sense of the message, but could not get enough of the words to be counted among those who gave correct reports.

Over 18 per cent. of all the reports received bear testimony to improvement in health as a result of this test. ("Test" is the name given to each Thursday night trial. Each week we make one "test"; all the tests and the other work involved in our investigation of telepathy, we call the "Experiment." These are the terms we shall always use for these meanings.)

The numbers of the sensitives in this test are 253, Calif.; 615 B, Ohio; 875 B, Neb.; N. H., Neb.; O. M. S., Ala.; R. B. S., Can.; 970 B, Ill.; M. A. S., Mich.; 1117 B, W. Va.; 401 B, Ind.; 4027, Me.; L. V. F., Pa.

* * *

February 18th

The message: "I DESIRE HEALTH AND
SUCCESS FOR EVERY ONE."

Results: Five reports approximately correct: A. A. S., Pa., "*I desire health for every one.*" (Message received while at work.) E. B., 1777, Ind., "*The very best for every one.*" M. J. O., Ill., "*Success and happiness for everybody.*" Mrs. M. S. S., Me.; A. E. B., 1310, Conn.; and Narayanaswamy Nodeliet, Marikuppam, Gollapally, South India, were also among those who sent in correct reports. The latter received the message as follows: "*Let the whole world enjoy health, wealth and good.*"

Fourteen showed sensitiveness. Ten per cent. report benefits to health. The following are the numbers of the receivers who showed sensitiveness in this test: 893 B, N. Y.; C. D. C., Tex.; H. B. H., Ok.; 3040, Mo.; 2799, Ia.; 1094 B, Colo.; 2783, Md.; 3563, Tex.; A. B. F., N. M.; 604 B, Neb.; 3541 B, Tenn.; W. G. L., S. D.; 1819, Mass.; 1467 B, Ia.

* * *

February 26th

The message: "I AM ENTITLED TO PER-
FECT HEALTH AND SHALL STRIVE TO
ATTAIN IT."

Results: None reported the correct message, not a surprising result in view of the fact that it is so long and of such involved form.

Twenty-four reports showed sensitiveness, however. Sixteen per cent. report better health from the test.

The following are the numbers of the receivers who showed sensitiveness in this test: 875 B, Neb.; D. B. F., Ill.; 8091, N. H.; Mrs. F. W., Ill.; 3928, Ia.; J. W. M., Wis.; 552 B, Pa.; D. H., Mo.; 927, Tex.; 1809, N. Y.; 1545, Mass.; 730, O.; M. S. S., Mich.; 1544 B, Ind.; 893 B, N. Y.;

511, Fla.; 1432 B, Kan.; Mrs. W. S. N., Ind.; A. L. R., Fla.; M. S., Can.; 321, Ill.; 3420, O.; 71, Tex.; 726, Ill.

* * *

March 4th

The message: "HELP YE ONE ANOTHER."

Results: Three reports were approximately correct or quite so. J. P. A., Neb., writes as follows: "Although I do not belong to the class, I got the message. I woke about 1 o'clock and wondered what the message might be. I fell into a doze and dreamed that a little girl was brought to me for treatment. At first I refused to treat her, when came the suggestion, '*Help ye one another.*' At that instant I awoke and felt so convinced that that was the message, that I told my wife, who received some message but forgot it before morning, and told my brother and other members of my family next morning. We were all agreeably surprised when the leaflet came to my wife, who is a member of the class, showing that my message was correct." 1221, Miss., and 1909, Ill., were also correct.

Seven reports showed marked sensitiveness and ten per cent. report benefits to health from this test.

The numbers of the sensitives for this test follow: 1343 B, Idaho; 1794, Calif.; A. W. D., Fla.; 4447, S. C.; 1737 B, Tex.; N. E. T., Pa.; 2260, Colo.

* * *

March 11th

The message: "THE TRUTH ABOUT A
THING IS ALL ABOUT IT."

Results: One receiver, A. A. S., Pa. (who, by the way, was among the successful receivers in the test of February 18th), sent in a correct report, which is quite remarkable considering the nature of the message. "*The truth about a thing is all about it.*" And he adds, "It came up so often I had to accept it."

There were no reports for the sensitive class for this test. Ten per cent. of the reports spoke of improved health from this test.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(All questions should be written on a separate sheet of paper, plainly marked "Question," and sent to the Director of this Department.)

Receiver No. 2879 writes me that he has kept a complete record of every test from November, 1907, to the present date, and that he finds that this adds considerably to his interest in the Experiment. He writes out notes of the different sensations experienced, thoughts received and impressions noted during the test, immediately afterwards, and keeps these notes in orderly arrangement for easy reference. I recommend that all receivers follow this method. This receiver also asks the question, "Why do I receive the message in emblematical or allegorical form instead of words? When you were sending figures instead of sentences, I invariably received them."

I cannot say with certainty what makes you always receive your impression in forms rather than in words, but I have observed that many

of the receivers have this experience, and it is my opinion that it is due to the form of their psychic development and the method of their mental processes. You are very likely strongly inclined to clairvoyance, where you "see" instead of "hear" the answers to the questions put to you; I should guess that you have many and vivid dreams, and that you are able distinctly to remember some sense impressions that have interested you. Then, too, there may be a great deal in the attitude of attention which you assume when trying to receive the message. If you "look" rather than "listen," you will be more likely to "see" than to "hear." If you would avoid receiving the message in the form of sensory representation, I suggest that you neither "look" nor "listen," but that you merely wait, relaxed, without making any effort whatever to receive. You may find this exceedingly difficult, but you should be able to accomplish it by turning the attention inward in much the same way that you would if you were trying to recall something from memory, avoiding, however, all strain or tension of mind. The mechanism of the allegorical interpretation of messages is much the same as that of sense-distortion in dreaming.

* * *

Here is part of a letter which may be of interest to the receivers in the Experiment: "I have had a sore throat for two days. I always get alarmed when anything gets wrong with my throat, although I have never had any trouble with it, except once. When it was time for the sitting, my throat hurt me so that I wanted to swallow all the time. It was inflamed and swollen so that it showed much larger than usual on the outside, and, besides this, I felt bad in many ways: I said to myself, 'Well, I will just tell Professor Weltmer about it and ask him to cure my throat.' I kept trying to see you as I thought you would look sending out the message, and asking you to heal my throat, and telling you about my troubles. I put my hand on my throat and it seemed that it moved the pain. I kept swallowing to see if the pain was really gone, and when I became convinced that it was, I could hardly sit quiet for the rest of the half hour. As soon as it was over I ate an orange to see if my throat was well, and this did not hurt me, although it would have given me much pain a few minutes before. E. E. W., Mass."

This is not an unusual case. Any receiver can do the same when he complies with the laws governing the outflow of the mental powers to do healing. This is one part of the results of the Experiment that has never failed us, although the aggregate of results did run pretty low while we were experimenting with one hypothesis, which has since been abandoned. And this is one of the principal benefits received by the receivers in the Experiment, although I have two letters before me which came among this month's reports, which tell of efforts to influence others to do what my correspondents desire. Many will perhaps be surprised to know that the experimenters report success in varying degrees. One writer says that he can make any one of his

friends write to him whenever he desires, and not only that, but that he can make them write about whatever subject he chooses. Another one tells of trying to get a cousin to send her some money, and reports that she has seemed to get a telepathic response, and that encourages her to think she is making an impression. I am not so sure that this response was not from the sender's own mind, but I hope to hear more from this trial at a future date. One man reported some time ago that he succeeded in collecting a long due debt by means of telepathic suggestion.

Now I must confess that the employment of telepathy for the purpose of influencing others in this fashion does not exactly appeal to me, but upon closer inquiry into my own mind I find that

FOUND OUT

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse of Wilkes Barre, Pa., writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion.

"While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum, for they drank it altogether in place of ordinary coffee. After using Postum two weeks I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion.

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used.

"I observe a curious fact about Postum used among mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness.

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. They most always serve it before it has been boiled long enough. It should be boiled 15 or 20 minutes after boiling begins and served with cream, then it is certainly a delicious beverage."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

my repugnance for this use of it is due to a misconception of just what is taking place when it is so used. I still have some of the feeling that one is using some form of power that forces the other to do what he desires. This is the remnant of a former superstition, which I held in common with most people who are ignorant of the nature of the mind and telepathy, that it was capable of exercising some power over another man which, if the sender were strong enough, might even overcome all scruples and make him act as one desired, even against his will. Of course, I know, as all of my readers do who have made a practical study of the matter, that all that the sender can do by means of telepathy, is to suggest some course of action to the receiver. If he takes the suggestion, the desired result will be forthcoming; if not, no amount of "sending" and "willing" can make it otherwise. Telepathic suggestion is really no more illegitimate than is suggestion by letter, spoken word, or formal dun, or request. And suggestions received in this manner are no more difficult to overcome, except that they do acquire a fictitious value in the mind of the recipient through his generally accepting them as his own impulses.

Some might still be inclined to object to this form of suggestion, but they forget that it is used by all of us whether we wish to do so or not. If a message can be voluntarily sent from one to another by telepathy, it will go, as well, without the wish to send it, when the same thought comes into the mind of the one-time sender. In fact, the strongest messages that have ever been recorded were sent without any wish to do so. I have experiences every day which prove to me that we are in constant telepathic communication with many, if not, in some degree, with all men in the world. If we wish to protect ourselves against this form of suggestion we must use the same means that we use against any other sort; we must trust our own judgment more, depend more fully upon our own reasoning powers.

I know a traveling salesman who says that he makes constant use of telepathic suggestion when he is trying to sell bill of goods and he lays the greater part of his success to his employment of this aid to the more commonly known arts of suggestion used by his trade. This man uses it voluntarily, but every other salesman uses it involuntarily even though he does not know the meaning of its name.

* * *

"How would it do for us to try to receive message at a given hour when we are busy working?"

That would be all right. I suggest that if you care to try this, you either take some task at which you work during the regular receiving time, or else that you select some period of the next day during which you will be sure to be busily employed at your usual work, and suggest to yourself beforehand that during that time you will receive the message. If you take, we will say, the period between nine and ten A. M. Friday, make the determination before nine that you will receive the message during that hour and then forget all about it. Do not let your mind wander back to that determination from time to

time, during that hour, but keep your attention fixed upon your work. The same rule holds if you select to work during the receiving hour on Thursday night. If while your mind is busy, you keep thinking of trying to receive a message, you will be likely to suggest some message to yourself, and also the tension of your mind will keep you from receiving. In the new course that will soon be distributed, we have given instructions for sending as well as receiving, and you can carry on experiments of this kind with one of your friends much better than you can in the whole class.

THINK HARD

It Pays to Think About Food.

The unthinking life some people lead often causes trouble and sickness, illustrated in the experience of a lady in Fond Du Lac, Wis.

"About four years ago I suffered dreadfully from indigestion, always having eaten whatever I liked, not thinking of the digestible qualities. This indigestion caused palpitation of the heart so badly I could not walk up a flight of stairs without sitting down once or twice to regain breath and strength.

"I became alarmed and tried dieting, wore my clothes very loose, and many other remedies, but found no relief.

"Hearing of the virtues of Grape-Nuts and Postum, I commenced using them in place of my usual breakfast of coffee, cakes, or hot biscuit, and in one week's time I was relieved of sour stomach and other ills attending indigestion. In a month's time my heart was performing its functions naturally and I could climb stairs and hills and walk long distances.

"I gained ten pounds in this short time, and my skin became clear and I completely regained my health and strength. I continue to use Grape-Nuts and Postum for I feel that I owe my good health entirely to their use. 'There's a Reason.'

"I like the delicious flavour of Grape-Nuts and by making Postum according to directions, it tastes similar to mild high grade coffee."

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